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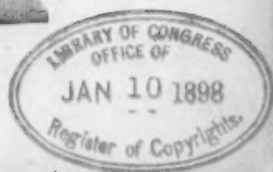
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY



COMPANIONS IN THE KLONDIKE.

Published by the  
ARKELL WEEKLY CO.,  
New York.

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The CORRECT SOLUTION  
OF OUR

# Prosperity Puzzle

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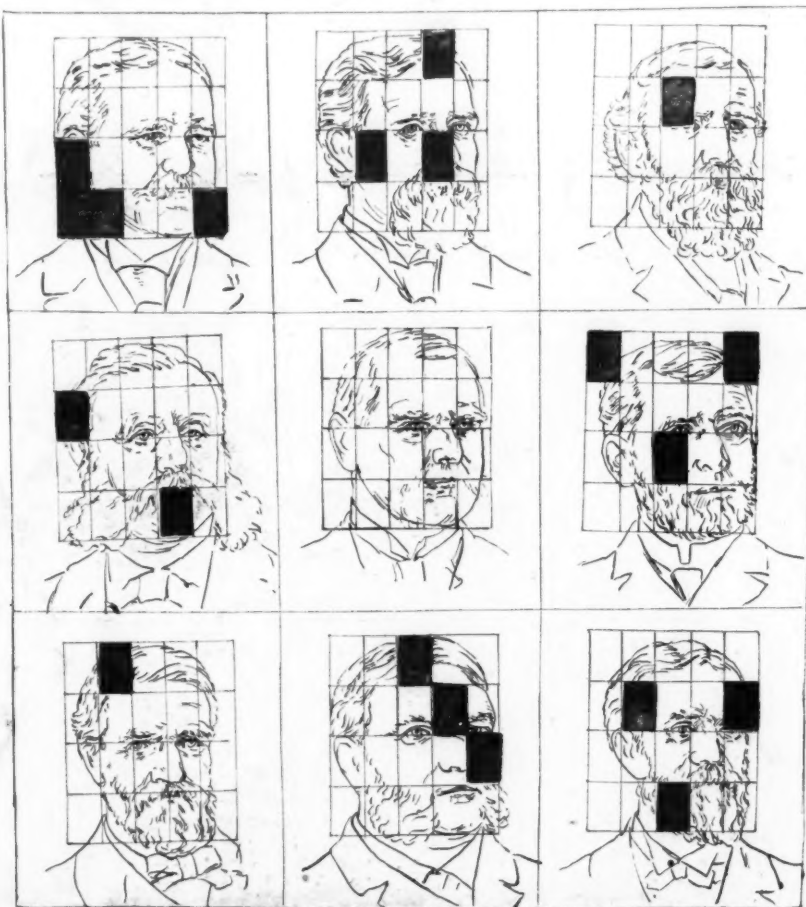
3d PRIZE, \$15.00.

4th PRIZE, \$10.00.

5th PRIZE, \$5.00.

It will be remembered that our instructions were to cut from each picture of the Puzzle published week before last the number of squares indicated, and form them, in the centre space, into the picture of **PRESIDENT McKINLEY**. For instance, to take four squares from the picture of John D. Long, three squares from Russell A. Alger, and so on according to the number of squares specified over each picture.

For the first five correct solutions received we offered **\$100** in cash prizes. Below is given the correct answer. The names of the prize winners will be published in next week's **LESLIE'S**.



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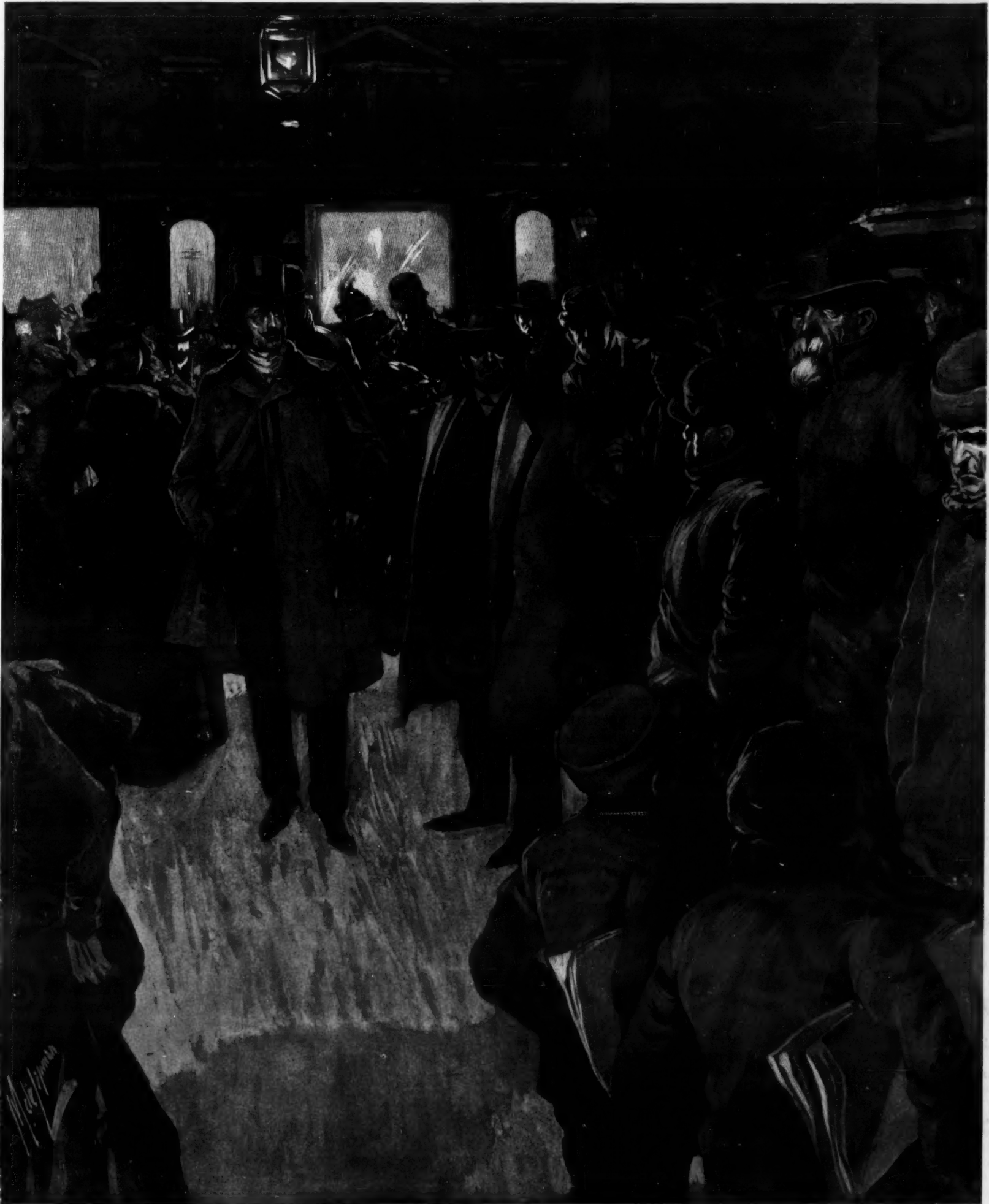
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

VOL. LXXXVI.—No. 2209.  
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NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1898.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
15 WEEKS \$1.00.  
Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post-office



## BEGGING BEDS FOR BEGGARS.

PECULIAR STREET-SCENE ON MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

"Here are these poor chaps without a place to lay their heads, this cold night. Can't you help us out? A quarter will fix two of 'em—for a number have a nickel or a dime of their own. Who'll give us a helping hand?"—*Frederick Rotzler, City Missioner, to the Broadway crowd.*

[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 26.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

C. FRANK DEWEY, European Representative, Hotel Bristol, Berlin.

JANUARY 13, 1898.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.	
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for thirteen weeks	1.00

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities whenever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

## A Chance for Commercial Travelers.

No experiences in every-day life are more interesting than those of the commercial traveler. The "drummer," as he is sometimes called, is the best of story-tellers, and his most interesting narratives concern his own varied experiences. LESLIE'S WEEKLY would like to print some of the most interesting personal reminiscences of the American commercial traveler, and to that end it offers a prize of fifty dollars for the best story, sketch, experience, or reminiscence from one hundred to five hundred words long, and one hundred dollars for the best story from five hundred to two thousand words long. The stories submitted must relate to actual experiences. LESLIE'S WEEKLY is to have the privilege of using all the articles submitted in the competition without any other than the prize payment, unless stamps are inclosed for the return of manuscripts. The competition is limited to a period extending to the 1st of May next, and the award of the prizes will be made by the literary editor of this paper. Communications should simply be addressed to the Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## Should Women's Colleges Teach Manners?

ONE of the first notes struck in the beginning of the movement for the higher education of women was equality of mental power: "We women have as good brains as you men, and we are going to prove it." It is safe to say that many believe women have proved, through more than a generation of college lives, that their brains are as good as men's. Is there a further step which women and women's colleges should take?

Humanity makes certain demands on women which it does not make on men. It sets up certain standards of conduct a little higher for women. Whether it ought, we are not now considering; we are only interpreting a social condition. Humanity requires of women good manners with an urgency which it does not demand of men. It emphasizes charm, grace, and the graces with a strength which it does not lay on man's possession of the same traits. It asks women to embody the "Beatitudes" of character as it asks men to obey the Ten Commandments of conduct.

There is reason to fear that the colleges for women have not given just heed to this demand. They have endeavored to make scholars and thinkers. They should not cease making scholars and thinkers, and they will not cease. But the colleges should lay stress heavier and constant upon securing in each of these scholars and thinkers a graciousness of manner, a certain charm of presence, which are the crown of womanhood. The methods for securing these great results are questions for the specialist in evolution, to whom we beg to commend the question.

## Bon Voyage!

SHALL we, then, part as strangers? Shall we see our nearest and dearest embark on the perilous deep, without the sadly sweet consolation of a farewell embrace? That is what it would amount to, practically—the proposed enforcement by the transatlantic steamship officials, of a regulation to do away with the scenes of affectionate leave-taking on the piers, that mark the departure of the great passenger vessels from this and every other port.

"There's too much of this hugging and kissing and sentimental business," say the bluff old sea-dogs who run the steamers, and the inspectors who look after the baggage. "It's all blooming nonsense, don't you know. Why, the gangways are so blocked up with passengers and their sisters and sweethearts and cousins and aunts that we can hardly get the freight and baggage aboard, to say nothing of the first officer being cramped for room when he wants to pace the decks and give orders. It'll have to be put a stop to."

None of these vexatious occurrences mark the sailing of

a cattle transport ship. The animals are simply herded on board, and there's an end of it.

But some allowance ought to be made for human nature. Affection and sentiment claim a considerable place, with us, in even the every-day affairs of life. Amid the uncertainties of this mortal existence, any separation from those we love is occasion for anxiety and regret. When the ocean is to roll between, the parting becomes indeed momentous; for, despite the speed and safety of ships, the unspoken thought is always present that it may be good-bye forever. Friends and relatives flock together, in all the busy excitement of the steamship dock; emotion is in the air; the sea-going monster pants steam and smoke, impatient to be off with her precious freight; the whistle roars and shrieks infernally; the bell is like the tocsin of fate. It is an intense moment—perhaps the climax of a lifetime. Who can participate in such a scene with indifference? And why should anybody?

No! we cannot be thus ruled and regulated. The steamship people must expect and make calculation for "this kissing business," the same as they do for wind and tide. As well hope to turn the Gulf Stream as to check the warm current of human sentiment and love. Kissing will go on at the piers as long as flirtation on deck continues during the voyage—and there are no indications of decline in either custom. *Bon voyage! au revoir!* and good-bye! are words not to be coldly spoken. We are for keeping up the good, old-fashioned custom of kissing each other good bye, and we believe the girls are with us.

## Let Brotherly Love Continue.

THE question, "Are We an Ungrateful People?" was touched upon in these columns, recently, with the general conclusion that, while we may be less mindful than we should of the little amenities of life, still we have hearts, and they are mostly in the right place.

An instance in support of this reassuring belief comes to hand in the pathetic case, chronicled in the New York City newspapers, of two brothers who stuck to one another through life, and in death were not divided. They were past sixty years of age; and, being reported ill and destitute in the old house where they lived alone, were removed to Bellevue Hospital. Each, though helpless, was anxious to take care of the other. When asked if they had any friends, both gave the same reply: "The best friend I have in the world is my brother, here."

On their cots, side by side, they lay dying, yet neither appeared to have any thought of his own suffering, but asked continually that something be done for his brother. The elder one died first, saying, "Good-bye, John, dear. God bless you!" Less than four hours after this farewell, John breathed his last. The next day—it was the day after Christmas—the two brothers lay side by side in the morgue, where an aged woman who had been their friend came and identified the bodies, promising to notify relatives who would see that they were buried together.

Such is a real incident from the great epic of daily life in the metropolis, and it points its moral better than some fiction.

## Irreclaimable?

THE Salvation Army people have abandoned their Californian Prison Gate Home, which embraces a fine farm of three hundred acres, dedicated by Commander Booth-Tucker to the philanthropical work of reclaiming ex-convicts and giving them a new start in life. Whether or not the whole scheme will be given up as a bad job, is not yet ascertained; but according to all precedent and experience thus far, it will have to be much modified before any appreciable good results can be expected.

One would indeed hesitate to say or believe that convicted criminals, even the worst, are past redemption. At the same time it must be admitted that there are many who defy all efforts and plans of reformation that modern Christianity has been able to devise. With these hard cases mere goodness does not work. Perhaps a more practical application of the principles of social science and philosophy is what is needed. Such a course would involve going back to the sources of depravity, and instituting reforms there with a view to cutting off the supply of criminals, instead of vainly endeavoring to reverse evolution by changing characters that have been born in sin and bred in iniquity.

Without going back so far as that, it might be practicable at least to keep the beginners in wrong-doing from association with the old and hardened malefactors, in the prisons and penitentiaries. Cases of original, inborn depravity are much rarer than the pessimists would have us believe. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the first break has been made blindly, by accident, or in a moment of unreasoning passion. The young man who has thus erred, if he be caught and punished, may be technically a convict, but he is not yet one at heart. That is the real crisis, the psychological moment for reformation. Then, if ever, his soul is on the balance, and his career may be turned to good or to evil by a breath. After it has gone down the wrong side, the task of reversing fate by reclaiming the man who has already achieved his career of crime is one that may well baffle greater philosophers than

the heads of the Salvation Army. Yet, in the meantime, 'tis better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all.

## Our Blackville Gallery.

WE print this week the third of our famous Blackville Gallery views. Next week we will print the last, "A Blackville Fortune-teller." This series of negro character-sketches is conceded to be the best of its kind ever printed. The large demand for extra copies of LESLIE'S WEEKLY containing the Blackville pictures emphasizes the public's appreciation of the same. Do not fail to preserve the Blackville Gallery. The pictures are well worth framing.

## Important to News-agents.

NEWS-AGENTS should bear in mind our offer of one hundred dollars in prizes to the five agents who first send us the greatest number of coupons printed above the title of LESLIE'S WEEKLY in the four issues beginning with that of January 6th, and closing with that of January 27th. Remember that the prizes will be distributed as follows, viz.: Fifty dollars to the agent sending in the greatest number before the 15th of February next; twenty-five dollars to the agent sending in the second largest; ten dollars each to the two agents who send in the next largest, and five dollars to the last on the list. Remember also that the papers will not be returnable after the coupons have been removed.

## The Plain Truth.

THE Pacific coast is justified in complaining of the intention of the administration to name a Cabinet officer in place of Attorney-General McKenna from some other section than the Pacific States. The Pacific slope is fairly entitled to a representative in President McKinley's Cabinet. The growth and progress of this vast section are just beginning, and promise to add enormously to our national wealth, not only as the greatest silver and gold producing section, but also as a great agricultural and manufacturing territory. It has enormous interests at stake, which have not been as fully and justly considered at all times by national administrations as they deserve.

The remarkable character of the speeches made by Governor Black, of New York, on various occasions when he has been called to speak in public, has not escaped attention. We doubt if any Governor of this State, or of any other State, has ever spoken with greater force and eloquence. The Governor's sentences are short and epigrammatic. They are clean-cut and incisive, with not a word or syllable to spare. Like himself, they are sinewy, straight, and clean. Even his political enemies concede to him a style of oratory peculiarly graceful and attractive, and utterances that are those of a brilliant intellect and a highly cultivated mind. When the Albany *Argus* recently characterized the speeches of Governor Black as "commonplace" it cast a reflection on its judgment as well as its appreciation. But we can excuse the *Argus*, for it fastens its faith to none but the elect of the Democracy.

It is safe to say that Washington, with all the flood of oratory that has been poured out at the national Capitol, has never heard a more brilliant speech than that delivered before the New England Society of that city, on Forefathers' Day, by our distinguished fellow-townsmen, Chauncey M. Depew. His most striking declaration was that the twentieth-century mission of the United States is peace, "Peace, that it may capture the markets of the world." Some have criticised this utterance as selfish, but the critics of the eloquent Depew forget that nations, like individuals, live for achievement and profit. Call it selfishness if you will. It really is more. It is self-protection and self-sustenance, for among nations as among individuals the all-pervading law is the survival of the fittest. Mr. Depew was at his best in his Washington speech, and we wish that his patriotic words could reach the ears of every citizen in the land.

It looks as if Congress and our Secretary of War have been a little too hasty in accepting as true the starvation stories from Dawson City. Thirty persons who left Dawson City between November 23d and November 25th, and who reached Seattle December 28th, unite in saying that a relief expedition to Dawson City is entirely unnecessary. Meanwhile, a special agent is busy securing a herd of reindeer in Norway, with which to take provisions to Dawson City. At the earliest these reindeer cannot be available before February, and there is little probability, it is said, that they can find sufficient of the peculiar moss upon which they feed to sustain them after they have reached Alaska. The Canadian government, acting with more circumspection and better judgment, has decided not to send a relief expedition to the Klondike, because the real situation does not warrant such action. It would be interesting to know the source of the Klondike scare which was so skillfully sprung at Washington. Perhaps the same Chicago speculator who is engineering the proposition to divide Alaska into two Territories has been accomplishing a little of his fine work.

Our great and good friend, Editor Charles Emory Smith of the Philadelphia *Press*, in a recent address in Buffalo on "Newspapers and Politics," spoke with pride of the refusal of Republican and Democratic papers in the Greater New York campaign "to allow any allegiance to party to swerve them from their higher loyalty to public duty." Brother Smith is right, but when an attempt was made in Philadelphia recently, by a certain corporation which rules that city, to grab an immensely valuable and enormously profitable lease of the city gas-works for a nominal consideration, all but one of the Philadelphia papers, and Editor Smith's paper was not the one we except, stood by and either aided or abetted the scheme. This, too, in face of the fact that several responsible parties were



publicly offering to pay a million dollars and more as a bonus to the city for precisely the same lease that was voted to the political "combine." This was an opportunity for the Philadelphia papers to refuse "to allow any allegiance to party to swerve them from their higher loyalty to public duty"; and we regret that but one newspaper in the city, the *Inquirer*, had the courage to stand for the people and against the plunderers.

All sorts of complaints have been heard of the "spy system" growing out of the Raines bill and other liquor laws, and some of these have attracted a little sympathy from the public, but if the recent action of a State inspector of the Agricultural Department of New York is upheld we may expect a general outcry against official interference with domestic affairs. The astonishing fact was made public in a New York paper recently that a State inspector of the Agricultural Department had secured the arrest of a woman who kept a boarding-house, on the allegation that he had visited her house, inspected her refrigerator, and found in it a piece of oleomargarine which she was using for butter. If public officers have the right to invade private premises, ransack cupboards and refrigerators, and seize adulterated food, whether it be butter, coffee, sugar, syrup, flour, or anything else, we fear we shall find our domestic comfort greatly interfered with. Oleomargarine, as it was originally made, and as it is still made by such manufacturers as Armour & Co. and others of high repute, is much more fit for table use than some of the rancid stuff sold in the open market under the name of butter. No doubt unwholesome oleomargarine has been manufactured, but we doubt if there be more poor oleomargarine in the market than poor butter. So far as adulteration goes, our teas, coffees, and spices are so commonly a mixture of cheap trash that none but the wealthy expect to use the pure and the best. The fact is that the oleomargarine law was drafted by politicians who thought there was a chance to tickle the farmers and get a few votes. The laws against food adulteration were adequate for the protection of the people, but they were never enforced. So the oleomargarine law was devised to pull the wool over the farmer's eyes and make him believe that he was suffering from ills he knew not of.

If the facts as publicly stated by Representative Johnson, of North Dakota, can be verified, Congress would be justified in withholding its consent to the award in the seal-fisheries dispute. Congressman Johnson severely criticises the action of ex-Secretary John W. Foster in consenting to an award of so large an amount as \$464,000 to the Canadian sealers. This award is supposed to be for actual damages, but Mr. Johnson shows that Mr. Foster in 1893 wrote to his government that \$357,353 of the claims were for prospective earnings, and only about \$81,000 for actual damages. How this \$81,000 of actual damages has grown to \$464,000 in four years is one of the questions that Mr. Foster is asked to answer. Another and more serious question concerns the value of one of the seized ships, the *Sayward*. Mr. Johnson says the total value of this ship was only \$2,600, while its total claim for damages is nearly \$119,000. He says further that five of the ships claiming damages belong to an American named Boscowitz, who sold a half-interest in them to an Englishman named Warren, and took a mortgage back for the entire purchase price; that he then foreclosed the mortgage, got an English blacksmith named Cooper to buy in the fleet for one dollar and mortgage it back to Boscowitz for \$25,000. Cooper swears that he never paid even the one dollar, and did not know how many ships he bought at the mortgage sale. Yet \$225,000 of the claims are in favor of Cooper. While Mr. Foster is answering questions he might explain the further allegation of Mr. Johnson to the effect that Mr. Foster's son-in-law was one of the American counsel before the commission, and as such earned a fat fee. Mr. Johnson closes his charges with the astonishing statement that the American government surrendered its case, without so much as calling in the umpire provided for in the treaty. Unless these allegations are answered by Mr. Foster, the public will be inclined to believe, with Mr. Johnson, that "stupid diplomacy is responsible for a national humiliation."

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—MARK HANNA is having his troubles in Ohio. He was appointed Senator by Governor Bushnell last February and is



CHARLES L. KURTZ.

now seeking an election by the Legislature. It happens that, despite Hanna's efforts in the late campaign, the Ohio Legislature is politically close. There is a meagre Republican majority of five on joint ballot, and the Democrats have a majority of ten in the Senate. Although the Republican State Convention indorsed Hanna for Senator it is not so certain that he will win. The Republicans on the anti-Hanna side are led by Charles L. Kurtz, the Ohio member of the Republican National Committee. Even Governor Bushnell, who appointed Hanna to the Senatorial vacancy, sides with Kurtz, and Hanna's only hope is to coerce the opposition or else secure support from gold Democrats. It is a sensational fight of Republican factions, and the trouble is due to Hanna's humiliation of Bushnell and Kurtz in the recent Ohio campaign.

—Whatever prejudice may exist in the public mind against

Wall Street, no one who is familiar with the stock market and with those who operate in it will deny that honesty and candor, as well as courage and conviction, characterize many of our leading stock operators. One of the greatest of these in the past has been Mr. S. V. White. He has made two or three fortunes on Wall Street, and succumbed to successive periods of panic, but each time, brave man that he is, he has fought his way again to the front. Within the past few days Mr. White, who is called by the affectionate title of "Deacon" by his Wall Street friends, has made application for re-admission to the Stock Exchange. This could only be granted after he had settled fairly and squarely with his creditors. Mr. White has done this, and it is not a wonder that hundreds of loyal friends hasten to congratulate him on the latest turn in the tide of fortune. We hope that it may be the last and the best.

—Recently, at Troy, New York, a lecture of profound interest on pre-historic research was delivered by a speaker who will



HON. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND.

be eighty-eight years old next February. It was delivered before the Troy Scientific Association, and was a lecture of rare merit. Moreover, it was delivered with great force and eloquence of utterance. The lecturer, the Hon. Martin I. Townsend, is known as "The Grand Old Man of Troy," and has a reputation not circumscribed by the limits of that city. Mr. Townsend has been one of the Republican leaders of his party in this State, and while a member of Congress a few years ago sprang at once to the front rank as a debater and an organizer. At nearly eighty-eight years of age his step is firm and elastic, his eye is bright, and his countenance smiling and hopeful. Mr. Townsend is a splendid specimen of robust American vigor.

—The portrait work of Mr. W. H. Funk is known to the readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* and other periodicals in black-and-white; but his new painting of Miss Nance O'Neill as *Gismonda*,



MR. W. H. FUNK, AND HIS PORTRAIT OF NANCE O'NEILL.

here reproduced photographically, is something of a revelation even to his admirers. The young actress, with her stately figure and handsome emotional face, is arrayed in the shimmering Venetian gown of Sardou's passionate heroine, and has pink and white roses twined in her ashen-blond hair. This portrait gives at once the imaginary dramatic character and the real personality of Nance O'Neill. Incidentally, the painter himself is shown, possessed of the ardent enthusiasm of his work. His style—in this portrait, at least—is broadly impressionistic, with rather a sensuous feeling for color. Apropos of *Gismonda*, it may be noted that Miss O'Neill is not as yet known to the public in the rôle, but may be, later, by arrangement with Fanny Davenport, who owns the American rights to the play.

—Journalists very generally will be interested in the information that the entire Troy (New York) *Times* property has passed into the ownership of Colonel Charles S. Francis, the only son of the late Hon. John M. Francis, the founder of the paper. Colonel Francis was the owner of one-third of the property before his father's death, and inherited half of the remainder, and by purchase from other members of the family has become not only the sole owner of the newspaper, but also of the fine building in which it is published. Colonel Francis was graduated at Cornell; is a trustee of that institution, and is

deeply interested in college athletics, and especially in rowing events. He is a practical newspaper man, a ready writer, and inherits much of the rare journalistic genius of his lamented father. Under his control the *Times* will continue the even tenor of its way as one of the most prosperous dailies in the country.

—The Good Habit Society, which is now nearly a year old and has enrolled over two thousand names, was started by



HARVEY PRENTICE.

Harvey Prentice, a Chicago boy, who took the first pledge to his school-mates. A poor peddler really started the Good Habit Society—or was the means of its being founded. He took up his place near a public school at the time of dismissal, in order to dispose of his wares, but although he soon parted with them, it was not for a consideration. The children seized his fruit, tore his clothing, and despitefully used him. It was this incident which led to the formation of the society. To become a member one signs the following pledge and is given a pretty badge of red, white, and blue ribbon: "I resolve, God helping me, to treat with kindness those about

me, including dumb animals. To use no bad language, neither to lie nor steal; to abstain from alcohol as a beverage, and to tobacco and opium in any form, and gambling in any form, and will favor arbitration." If one visits the public playground founded by Miss Grace Dodge, at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, New York, the attendants, as well as many boys and girls, will be found wearing the badge of the Good Habit Society. Among members of the society are Miss Jessie Ackerman, the well-known missionary, who is the president; Bishop McCabe, and John Hutchinson.

—The close of this century will see women at work in many fields into which, not so very many years ago, they would never



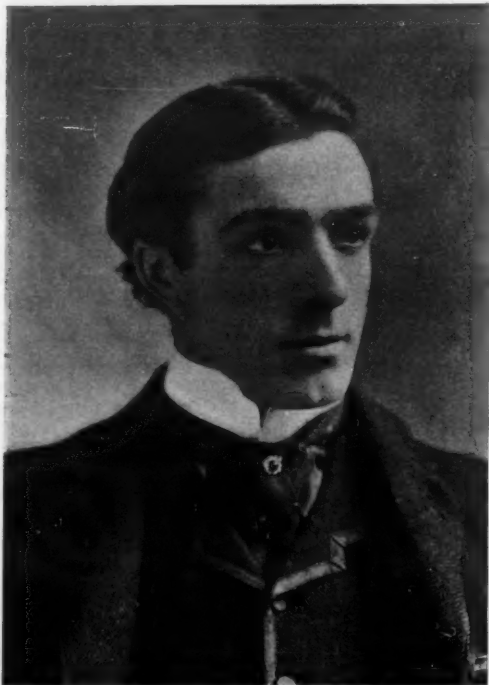
MISS CLARA FISHER.

have expected to enter. One of the latest instances of this is where Miss Clara Fisher, of Milford, Massachusetts, acted as arbitrator in a labor strike in that town. So far as any records show she is the first woman to serve in that capacity in the United States, if not in the world. The girls employed in a straw-hat shop in Milford, about one hundred in number, struck at a proposed reduction in wages. Later the strikers and the employer agreed to leave the matter to the State Board of Arbitration. This

body asked each side to appoint an expert to represent them. Miss Fisher had been for several years forewoman in the shop, and, although now entirely out of the business, is well posted in regard to the work. The girls selected her as their representative, and in company with the expert for the other side she visited the principal straw-hat shops of the State, reported to the board, and argued her side of the case so well that the strike was settled in a way quite satisfactory to her clients. The State board spoke in the highest terms of the excellence of the report made, and of Miss Fisher's ability.

—The famous Old Guard of New York, Major S. Ellis Briggs commander, hold their reception this year on January 25th, at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the occasion will be, even more than usual, a leading social event of the season. Their guests come from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington—in fact, from the principal cities in about every State east of the Mississippi. No other military organization has the historical background, or holds quite the position at the present time, that the Old Guard does. Dating from the year 1836, its distinction and renown have been perpetuated under various names and in many fields. Its ranks are filled with prominent men, some of whom have served in high military positions, while others lead in commercial or professional life. For many years the Old Guard have had the distinguished honor of serving as special escort to the President of the United States. Being an independent military organization, the battalion is subject to call for active duty only by the commander-in-chief, the Governor of the State of New York. The conspicuous part it has always taken in public events of military and social character gives it a national reputation, which its gallant veterans zealously strive to maintain.





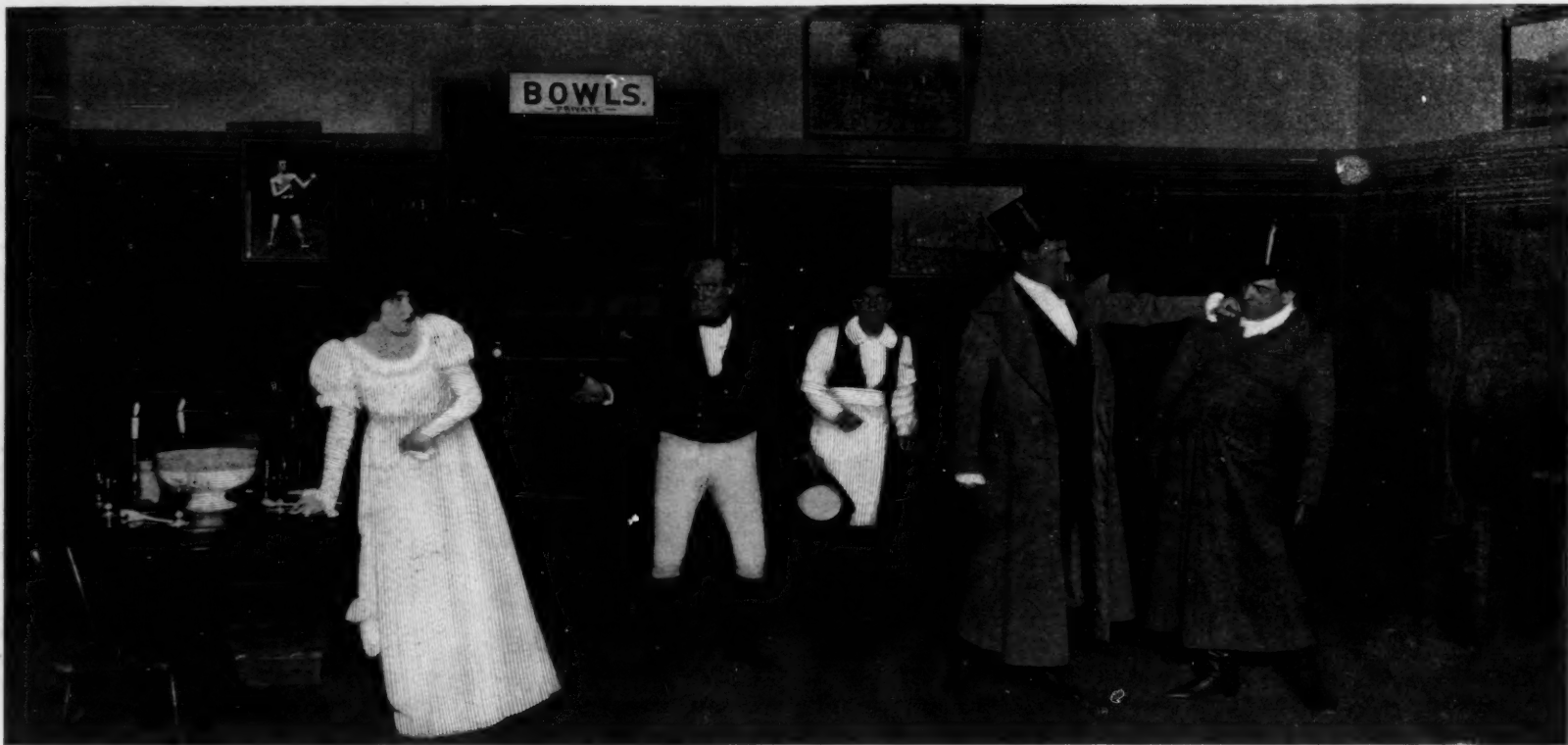
WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, EMPIRE THEATRE STOCK COMPANY.



JULIUS STEGER, DALY'S THEATRE.



FRANK POLLOCK, TENOR IN SOUSA'S NEW COMIC OPERA, "THE BRIDE ELECT."  
Photograph by Hollinger & Rocker.



CHARLES COGHLAN IN "THE ROYAL BOX," AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—SCENE AT THE CAT AND FIDDLE INN, ACT III.  
Photograph by Byron



"THE SALT OF THE EARTH," THE NEW AMERICAN COMEDY-DRAMA BY JOSEPH ARTHUR, AT WALLACK'S THEATRE—SCENE FROM ACT II: "TAKE THAT FLAG TO THE TOWN HALL."

### Stage Novelties at the Dawn of 1898.

THERE is nothing sombre in the outlook of the metropolitan stage, as revealed in a rosy glance by the dawn of the new year. The principal novelties of this week are: "The Conquerors," Paul Potter's new comedy, the production of which is signalized by the Empire Theatre stock company's return home for the season; "The Salt of the Earth," by Joseph Arthur (of "Blue Jeans" fame), at Wallack's, with Annie Russell and a special cast; Ada Rehan at Daly's, and Julia Marlowe at the Knickerbocker, both as *Rosalind* in "As You Like It." In comic opera, we have Julie Kopacsy at the Irving Place, and "The Highwayman" at the Broadway; while the Castle Square Opera Company, triumphantly established in its West-Side popularity at the American, gives "Trovatore" in English. Continued congratulations are the only comment needed for the fixed stars and the record-making plays that hold over.

Then, there is Charles Coghlan, standing alone in his pre-eminence as an author-actor, in his artistically remarkable production of "The Royal Box," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. This play, based upon Dumas's well-known "Kean, or the Disorder of Genius," has its locale in the London of the first decade of the present century. The story has been remodeled by Mr. Coghlan with admirable effect.

The individual portraits grouped on this page include Mr. Julius Steger, of comic-opera celebrity, who proves a delightful acquisition to the company of Mr. Augustin Daly; Mr. Frank Pollock, remembered as the most approved of all the *Robin Hoods*, who has a new tenor rôle in Sousa's "Bride Elect"; and William Faversham, of the Empire, who comes to the front in "The Conquerors."



ANNIE RUSSELL IN "THE SALT OF THE EARTH."





II.—From Sheep Camp to Lake Bennett.

(Continued from last week.)

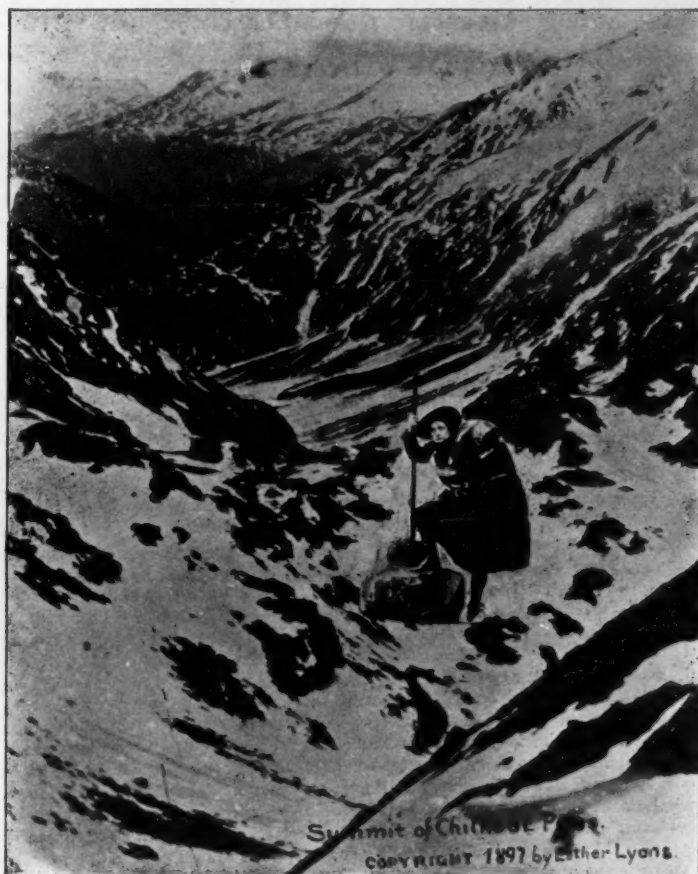
For the last of the climb from Sheep Camp on I should advise the wearing of moccasins; they are preferable, for both men and women, to any other footgear. These should be made waterproof. From the Indians at Juneau or at Fort Wrangel these are always obtainable. Sheep Camp boasts one frame building, now used as hotel, store, and restaurant, and one log-house, erected some years ago for the United States surveyors.

The travelers of early spring in this vicinity will be well repaid, for the scenery around here is magnificently, nay, savagely, sublime. Should you cover this ground in June or July, some few bees would greet you, and many

bye to Sheep Camp the country is absolutely barren—no wood of any kind, a few flowers, some grass. All wood for fuel has to be carried from Sheep Camp for twelve miles to Heep Lake, which is the next place where we found timber in any quantity. The Scales—well, it is hard to tell how it derived its name. One Indian said that one of the earliest travelers into that country had grown weary of carrying a pair of scales and left them on this spot, where they remained for many years; hence the name Scales. Another story is that here all packs were weighed. The first story is the most likely. Here begins the last and really only hard climb on this pass. The mountains rise one thousand feet, but it is a perpendicular climb for about half a mile. For about six hundred feet we cut every foot of the way in the ice, and so steep is it that I had to bend forward constantly to maintain my equilibrium. However, there is absolutely no danger of falling. The trails—there are several—run in and out, behind big bowlders, over rocky points, up the beds of small streams, and so forth. It is very hard on one's lungs and legs, and it took us about an hour to reach the summit. From Stone House to the summit, a gain of twenty-four hundred feet in elevation, we made in five hours. I am obliged here to confess that it is a real hard climb, but there is never any real danger. It is no harder than



START OF RAFT, LAKE LINDERMAN.



SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS.  
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climbing half-way up Pike's Peak, Mount Hood, or Mount Shasta, or some of the Alps, or many others I might mention that I and many others have often climbed for mere pleasure or in a spirit of bravado. But what a satisfaction after reaching the summit! I had accomplished that which strong men had left undone because of cowardice or timidity. What pen can describe that hour on the summit of Chilkoot! What grandeur, what sublimity! As I

(Continued on page 23.)

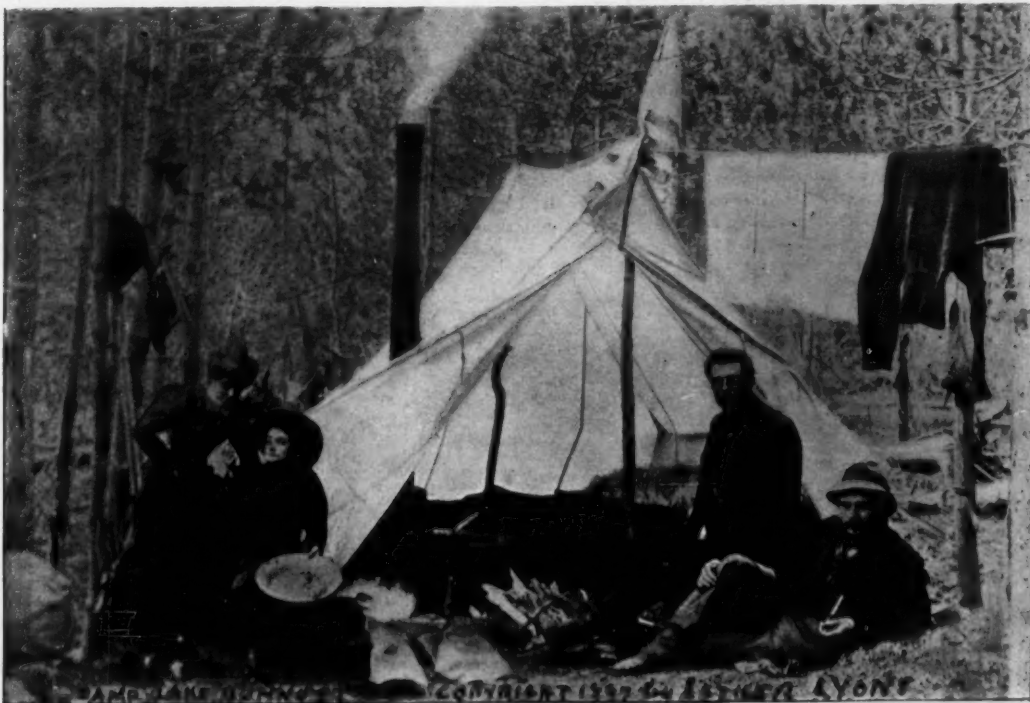
flowers—blue-bells, pansies, buttercups, and flowing mosses—all would lift their mo'lest heads in sweet welcome, and at every inch of space you would meet with a denial of the many printed stories of desolation; for at times Nature here is superb in her richness of coloring and perfume.

At this spot the Dyea River is a constant reminder of the Rhine. It has the same secret way of foaming along. I shall always remember the roar of those waters, and, strangely enough, it is the one part of the trip that I would most like to forget.

We took advantage of the first fine day to remove all our goods except camping outfit to Stone House, and then on to Second Bench. Here about half of our outfit was swept away, owing to soft weather, by a slight avalanche or snow-slide. It was very interesting to watch the Indians, who, with their feeling-rods (these are long, light, and slender rods, tipped with steel), feel down in the snow and locate and find everything. This, without them and their feeling-rods, would be impossible.

Stone House is a well-known resting-place with a purely imaginative name, it being nothing more or less than a clump of big rocks so arranged as to give shelter overhead and on three sides. Across the cañon, and directly opposite Stone House, is a large glacier. It was part of this glacier that caused the disaster of September 18th of this year (1897).

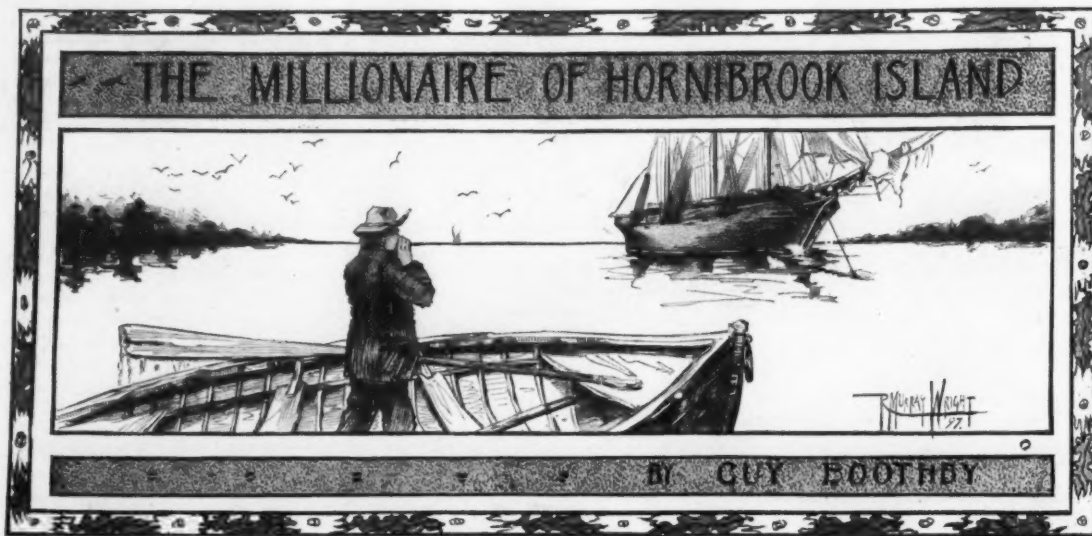
From Sheep Camp to the Scales—oh, what a climb!—a rise of eighteen hundred feet in three and three-quarters miles. The trail was fairly good—no mud, but many large bowlders. I think that next spring will see nearly all these bowlders removed. So many times I wanted to sit down on one of those bowlders and indulge in a genuine womanly cry, but I was ashamed of the men of the party and the Indians; but many a tear from sheer weariness did I drop on the side. After bidding good-



CAMP ON LAKE BENNETT.

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AUTHOR OF "DR. NICKOLA"; "THE FASCINATION OF THE KING," ETC.

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It is just possible that there may be more unpleasant places upon the face of this vastly overrated planet than the island which furnishes the latter portion of the name of this story. I must confess, however, that, so far, I have been fortunate enough never to have become acquainted with them. Hornibrook Island, or the island I have disguised under that name, is situated—well, on second thoughts, I don't think I will divulge its real location, and for two good and sufficient reasons. First, because I may, some day, have occasion to revisit it; and second, because you can find it on any map, or in the Admiralty Guide to the Islands of the Western Pacific, and discover its position and its advantages for yourself. Still the fact remains, it is Hornibrook Island, and when you have said that, it is doubtful what else you can find to say about it. To give you an idea of what it is like as a place of residence, I might inform you that at such times as its three hundred and fifty-four white inhabitants have occasion to refer to a certain equatorial kingdom, where most of them believe they possess pre-emptive rights to town lots, they do not call it by its own historic and more familiar title, but speak of it as Hornibrook Island, and feel convinced in their own minds that they have made themselves understood by everybody.

As for those inhabitants, they are a varied lot, hailing from every portion of the globe, and varied are the professions they follow. Some keep gambling- and drinking-saloons, while the rest patronize them. There are storekeepers, pearl-divers, *bêche-de-mer*, tortoise shell, and tripang gatherers, sandal-wood cutters, owners of trading-schooners, and a sprinkling of beach-combers, whose only use in life, it would appear, is to allow the islanders to feel that there really is a rung in the social ladder below their own, and to lend an air of picturesque local color to the home letters of such tourists as venture so far off the beaten track as to make their acquaintance. There are also upwards of a couple of hundred other inhabitants, made up of aborigines, Chinamen, Manila, Solomon, and New Guinea boys; but they scarcely count. Except at certain seasons, this hotch-potch of humanity lives happily enough together; during those seasons, however, it must be confessed it is not the sort of place the directors of one's life assurance society would choose for one to dwell in, except on the payment of an exceptionally high premium. What I mean will be the better understood when I say that the graveyard is situated in a long damp gully at the back of the town, and is by far the most thickly populated portion of the settlement. Funerals take place as soon after death as possible, and when the ceremony is over—that is to say, as soon as the mud, which they dignify by calling earth, has been poured in—the dear departed is forgotten until the sale of his effects, a day or two later, brings him once more into the remembrance of his friends. The last time I was in Hornibrook Island I was informed by a leading citizen that the place was woefully changed, that it was not at all what it had been in my time. In the six months preceding my arrival they had only had six murders, ten suicides, and three cases of hand-to-hand fighting in the streets. He was a well-set-up, dependable sort of man himself, was my informant, and had the peculiar knack of being able to throw a long-bladed knife with such accuracy as to pierce an ace of clubs pinned against the wall fifteen feet away. He was a shareholder in the graveyard company, so it was said, and every one admitted that he had been at some trouble to stock his property.

On the night I am about to describe to you—one which the majority of the inhabitants of Hornibrook Island were destined in after days to look back upon with what could only be delicately described as mingled feelings—it was plain that something unusual was affecting the settlement. There was an expression of amused expectation on all the faces one met that was only there when, as in this case, the schooner *Paul and Virginia*, its one connecting link with civilization, from San Francisco, put in an appearance, or something equally out of the ordinary run of events occurred. Outside the "Pearler's Rest" men were clustered together in small knots. They nudged each other, winked, laughed, and afterwards glanced up the strip of moonlit road that ran from the beach away into the centre of the island. Evidently it was from this quarter that the somebody, whoever he might be, who was occasioning the general hilarity was expected to put in an appearance.

His audience, however, had to wait somewhat longer than they expected, for the clock on the second shelf of the bar in the hotel behind them had struck eight before a little stir among those at the end of the veranda, and a whispered "Look out, he's coming!" convinced them that they were not, after all, to be defrauded of their fun.

The cause of this excitement was a tall, shabbily dressed man of between forty and fifty years of age, who was coming slowly down the centre of the road, whistling dolefully to himself as he

walked. His face, when seen by daylight, was long, thin, and extraordinarily angular—a good specimen, indeed, of the type that is sometimes termed hatchet-shaped. It was in nowise handsome, nor was it improved by the patches of sandy gray hair that grew luxuriantly on either temple. The eyes were wide apart, and somewhat large in proportion to the face; but they were set too deep in the head to be of any assistance in relieving the general effect. His frame was sinewy and spare, his back spoilt by a sad deformity, his arms and legs long and, like his face, very thin. A stranger would also have noticed, as he came closer, that his knees brushed together as he walked, and that he was a little lame on one foot. On his head he wore a large straw hat, and round his neck a red cotton handkerchief was carelessly twisted. His clothes had once been good, and might have been cut by a fashionable tailor; now, however, they had plainly reached the end of their tether. As far as his personal character was concerned, he was well-known to be the best-tempered, the kindest-hearted, as well as the laziest vagabond on the island; and the last accusation should count for something in a place where no one was able to say with truth that he was fond of work. He rejoiced in the name of Gabriel Dollman, and he was accustomed to tell people that he was an American, only son of Millionaire Dollman, and heir to ranches in Texas, town lots in Frisco, Chicago, Baltimore and New York, railroads all over the States, and upwards of five millions sterling in hard cash. Of course nobody believed him for an instant, but that troubled him little. He lived on in the island, after his own fashion, expecting always to hear that the old man, as he called him, was dead, and that he had come into his property. The small community of Hornibrook Island had seen his like and heard the same sort of tale times out of number before. Indeed, they had already known three men who had all claimed to be sons of the same individual. Consequently they were skeptical. Still, it was considered the correct thing to chaff Gabriel on the subject, and any man who could devise a new practical joke to play off on him might consider himself assured of an appreciative audience.

Little by little the man for whom the crowd had been waiting came closer to the hotel. As he drew up at the veranda-steps and prepared to enter the building a change came over the faces of those who remained to watch, and a look of indifference to his presence succeeded what had been pleasurable anticipation a moment before. Many, however, were so overcome by the thought of the fun that was to follow, that they had to retire from view and indulge their mirth where there would be no chance of the victim taking alarm at it. Word had gone around the settlement that afternoon that Judge Casey (a renegade lawyer from the Pacific slope, who had fled to escape a charge of fraudulent trusteeship about to be preferred against him, and who had now settled down as the bully of the island) had prepared a glorious joke, and would play it off on Gabriel during the evening—that is to say, as soon as the schooner from Frisco arrived and was at anchor. The joke had been concocted some time before, and as the presence of the vessel in question was necessary to its success, her arrival had been most anxiously awaited by those in the secret.

On this particular evening, however, Gabriel was not feeling cheerful. It was one of his few redeeming points to be passionately fond of children, and of one little girl in particular. This little one, the only child of a pearling skipper's widow, a consumptive woman, who, being too poor to rent a house in the township itself, lived in a hut just outside the settlement, within a stone's-throw of the spot where Gabriel himself resided. When he would not do a hand's-turn to help himself, he thought nothing of officiating as nurse and taking charge of the baby all through the hot summer days. He would walk miles through the bush to obtain a flower or a bright-colored pebble for his favorite, and on more than one occasion he had worked ten hours a day, for days at a time, repairing the thatch of the hut, and had never asked or expected a sixpence in return for his trouble. A few days before this story opens, however, the little one had been taken seriously ill, and now lay almost at death's door; unless certain articles of diet were procured, all of them far beyond the poverty-stricken widow's means, the doctor had said, as plainly as words could speak, that there was no hope of saving the baby's life. Gabriel who, though heir to millions, as he repeatedly informed his friends, had not a half-penny to bless himself with, and no immediate prospect of being able to raise one, had been called in to assist, and he had just left the agonized widow, promising to return without fail in an hour's time with the articles that were so urgently required. He was a sleepy sort of fellow, and not good for very much, but in his heart there was the knowledge that his play-fellow's little life depended on him and him alone. Therefore it behooved him to procure the articles in question, either with money or fair words, and to return to the hut with all possible speed. Small wonder, therefore,

when he reached the hotel, which was also the principal store of the settlement, he was not in the humor for anything in the shape of a practical joke.

Entering the bar, he was accosted by the skipper of the San Francisco schooner, who held out his hand and asked him, with a pretense of seriousness, how he did and what sort of luck he had experienced since last they had met. Contrary to his custom, Gabriel offered a labored reply. His heart was too full of anxiety, and his brain too busy picturing that little maid lying sick unto death in the hut in the bush, to be able to jest in his usual fashion.

Having disposed of his questioner, he passed on to the counter, where the landlord was busily engaged dispensing drinks. Besides being the principal publican and storekeeper of the island, the latter was also the postmaster, and it was from him that Gabriel obtained such letters as any one ever thought fit to write to him.

On this occasion, however, he was destined to experience a disappointment; he was informed that there was nothing for him. But it was noticeable that when he had answered his inquiry the landlord turned to the shelf behind him and seemed for some moments to be occupied in a contemplation of the various bottles with which it was decorated. It may have been that he desired to arrange his countenance before he faced his interrogator again. At any rate, when he did so it was as devoid of expression as a human physiognomy could well be.

"That reminds me, Gabriel," he said, after a momentary pause, during which he drew the cork of a lager-beer bottle, "there was a man from Frisco inquiring for you here a while back. He came ashore from the schooner, and said he wanted to see you to-night on important business. I don't know where he is now, but I reckon Captain Block, sitting over yonder, can put you on the right track, if you ask him."

It was plain that the significance of his words was not lost on his hearer, for Gabriel suddenly turned pale and clutched at the counter before him.

"Some one wanting to see me?" he said slowly, and paused for a moment; adding, as if to himself: "Well, I reckon it's come at last. And according to the way things are going now, I am glad it didn't happen before. If it had I guess I'd have cleared out of this place long since; then there'd ha' been nobody to look after little Hetty, out yonder. Now, God be praised, she'll want for nothing. I'll take her and her mother away with me, and she shall have the best doctors the States can find. Heaven above us, there never was such luck as that it should have come to-night!"

He paused in his reflections and turned to the landlord. "You mustn't think me a softy," he said; "but there's a little maid who's mortal fond of me—Gubbins's girl, you know—and the doctor says unless she can have these things to-night" (here he pulled out a slip of paper from his pocket and pushed it across the counter) "he reckons she'll not get through another four-and-twenty hours. Well, you know what I've always told you, that I'm the son of Millionaire Dollman, of Chicago city. It's plain that he's passed in his checks, and now, as far as I can see, I'm worth close on fifty million dollars, and, if money can do it, I reckon that baby will be saved."

His feelings must have overcome him, for he picked up the end of the handkerchief that was twisted round his neck and wiped his eyes with it. A more pathetic figure could scarcely have been imagined, and the effect his words had upon the landlord was equally peculiar. He gave a strange sort of grunt as he turned away; and a sharp listener might have overheard him say to himself, under his breath: "Well, if I'd have known it, I'll be d—d if I'd have had anything to do with it. It's a cussed shame, that's what it is!"

What he would have said further it is difficult to tell, for at that moment a man pushed open the door leading into the front veranda, entered the bar, and approached the counter. That he was not an inhabitant of the island was plainly to be seen. In spite of the heat of the evening, he was dressed entirely in black, wore a black frock-coat, and his head, wonderful as it may seem, was crowned with a black top-hat. In addition to a pair of black spectacles, he had a long black beard; black gloves covered his hands; and though not a drop of rain had fallen for upwards of two months, he carried in his right hand no less a thing than a black umbrella.

Accosting the landlord, who at the time was busily engaged serving a crowd which seemed to comprise half the white population of the island, he ordered a glass of port, and when this had been poured out for him, proceeded to sip it slowly. Meanwhile every eye in the room was turned in his direction.

"Landlord," he said at length, with a somewhat affected utterance, "earlier this evening I inquired from you the address of Mr. Gabriel Dollman. I fear I must have misunderstood the directions you were kind enough to give me, for though I have made a somewhat lengthy excursion into the interior of your most picturesque island, I have had the misfortune not to have been able to discover the residence of the gentleman in question."

Whether it was the redundancy of his language or the bitter sarcasm contained in the latter part of his speech I cannot say, but a titter ran through the room. Those, however, who looked at Gabriel noticed that he had drawn himself up with a new air. It was impossible for them to realize what was passing in his mind, or to understand that the possession of forty million sterling is sufficient to change even the most commonplace individual into a very different sort of person in a very short space of time. Putting down the glass he held in his hand, Gabriel turned and made his way along the counter towards the man who had inquired after him.

"You were inquiring for Gabriel Dollman," he said, a little nervously. "That is my name. What is your business?"

The new-comer glanced at him, at first rather suspiciously, and then, having recovered his presence of mind, held out his hand.

"You Mr. Dollman?" he said. "In that case I can only say that I am indeed proud to make your acquaintance, sir. When I remark that this is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you, my unfamiliarity with your countenance will not appear strange to you. You do not, of course, know me. That is not to be wondered at. My name, however, will perhaps become more familiar to you when I say that I am Nicodemus H.



Dodge, of the firm of Dodge, Peters & Dodge, attorneys-at-law, of Chicago city, U. S. A. Your late lamented father, Erasmus Dollman, millionaire, was one of our most esteemed and valued clients."

He paused to see how Gabriel would receive his news. But the other only continued to stare at him.

"My late father?" he said at length. "He is dead, then?"  
(To be continued.)

## From Sheep Camp to Lake Bennett.

(Continued from page 21.)

gazed I saw the ocean only twenty miles away, and as I turned I saw the descending slope melting away into the great valley of the Yukon. I then began to realize that our journey had fairly begun. In order to feel your own smallness and insignificance, stand alone on the summit of some lofty mountain and realize what an atom in this great universe you are. The loneliness, the awfulness of all this largeness and sublimity! How a poet's soul would swell! Perhaps some day the Chilkoot may inspire some muse braver than his fellows. Then what wonders of song will we have, for that summit should be the poet's inspiration and enable him to give us glories in verse as unlimited as is the gold beyond. But there is but little time here for resting, and none for dreaming. Our next destination is Lake Linderman, which is some ten miles from the summit. Five hundred feet below the summit is Crater Lake. This is a very much extinct volcano and the source of one arm of the Yukon. One by one the Indians came up with their packs. From a cache in the rocks they brought out their sleighs and began preparing for a descent. The Yukon sleigh carries from five hundred to one thousand pounds. It generally takes about three Indians to manage one sleigh, but in the steep places the sleigh itself takes charge. After the sleighs were loaded about four Indians would get astride of each, like boys on a horse. Then the sleigh was turned loose, and the yells and shouts that followed would do credit to the most enthusiastic devotees of a Saturday foot-ball game. The trip that followed was possibly made in the quickest time that any human being ever went five hundred feet and lived. Some of the Indians stuck to the sleigh and reached the bottom without accident. In other cases, from some cause or causes unavoidable, the sleigh would swerve for an instant, when the Indian would fly off into space and make the rest of the trip independently, but without loss of time.

The task of crossing Crater Lake was very laborious on account of the melting snow, the slush being at times knee deep, but once off the lake into the cañon, walking was better. The route from Chilkoot for over one hundred miles is through and around a succession of lakes. At the third lake from the summit ice had melted to such an extent as to make it unsafe to cross. We had to take to the low hills of the right shore, and traveling here we found quite difficult. We reached Lake Linderman about three o'clock in the afternoon, but it was at least two hours later before the Indians arrived with enough of our outfit to pitch camp and get some supper. The wind continued, but the snow and rain, which had been obliging enough to keep us company for some hours, had ceased. Here large game began to show up, and we found our long-range rifle useful. We caught plenty of grayling with a trout-line, using a small black fly.

We expected to build our boat at Lake Linderman, but found the timber nearly all burned off; but here we built a raft, with a deck of small poles some foot or more above the body, thus preventing the waves from wetting the outfit. Our outfit was protected by water-tight sacks of oilskin and canvas. The landing at Linderman is on the right. Here the Indians, after having safely packed all our belongings, left us and returned to the coast. Lake Linderman is about seven miles long, the formation of the country around here granite like the coast range; scenery wild and grand. The lower end of the lake is shallow and filled with bowlders, the portage being only a pile of moraine caused by glacial action, through which the outlet passes. Our rafts were finished at six in the evening, and it was necessary to make the trip at once, before the logs should become water-soaked. After everything was packed on the raft it was laboriously poled around a point of rocks; three of us were on each raft, and an exciting ride it was to the outlet. As the sun went behind the mountains the wind became very keen and we became quite wet from the spray; our hip-boots kept our feet dry, but they got very cold. We were very uncomfortable, but soon realized that we were in no actual danger; however, we were very anxious to get through before our provisions became

water-soaked. Four or five mountain sheep came within sight of us and seemed to mock our helpless situation. Flocks of black duck preceded us on our trip. To add to our troubles we were caught in the ice. This frequently happens in the early spring, as in this lake the ice does not break up until May 15th; sometimes June 15th. It took some little time to remedy this mishap. By this time we turned to the left around a promontory, which all at once cut off the wind. The men had to get out their oars and paddle two miles across the outlet in a northeasterly direction to the portage which separates Lake Linderman from Lake Bennett. This ended a very disagreeable trip on a raft. By eleven o'clock we all had on dry clothes and had supper, and while sitting around the camp-fire very comfortable and relating stories and experiences we soon forgot all about our disagreeable trip.

We had pitched our tents in a beautiful spot, but just as we began to feel able to recognize the surrounding beauties of nature there was music in the air. A number of forms would rise and fall with fairy-like grace. Vain efforts to catch one would be succeeded by desperate efforts to grasp the succeeding elusive form, but all in vain; the melody still rose on the calm night air; other forms appeared and more music was heard; and then we knew, we realized, it was no myth, no mandolin played by soft fairy or angelic fingers, but a stern fact—the much-talked-of, much-dreaded, and now the reality, the Yukon mosquito.

ESTHER LYONS.

(To be continued next week.)

## Salvation Army Colonization Plan.

THE Salvation Army has started in California a colonization scheme bigger and farther-reaching than the Pingree plan, and said to be the best solution of the unemployed problem ever offered to the public. Rich men all over are backing Booth-Tucker, seeing in the solution he offers an outlet for the surplus



THE FIRST SALVATION-ARMY WAGON STARTING FOR THE CALIFORNIA COLONY.

population and a vent for industrial dissatisfaction. The work may become as wide as the world.

When Booth-Tucker was in California the last time he succeeded in interesting a number of wealthy and prominent men in a plan he had for starting a big colony for homeless and destitute men. Better still, he secured their financial backing. Land was obtained in San Luis Obispo County, near the old Spanish town of Soledad. A tract of several hundred acres was purchased at a low figure, and the right to purchase more secured. In September the first colonists were sent down. The Salvationists exhibited excellent business ability from the first. Instead of paying railroad rates for the transportation of men and farming implements, they purchased the big farm-wagons that would be needed for the cultivation of the land, and sent the men down overland in the wagons. In the same way the tools were carried two hundred miles down the interior of the State. Not only was it a cheap method of transportation, but it formed the very best advertisement of the colony. The first wagon was drawn by four stout farm-horses and contained two colonists and three Salvationists. The men were good-looking, but had been unfortunate and were very anxious to have another trial at life. They had families waiting to join them as soon as the houses were built. During the journey the men camped by the way and got used to roughing it. So far the colony has prospered beyond expectation, and a great many colonists have been sent. Most of them are men without a dollar in the world, but they are very stout and willing. Each man is allowed from fifteen to twenty acres of land, according to its productiveness. He is assisted to build his house, and the money for his seed, stock, and farming implements is lent to him without interest by the army. The idea is to get him on his feet again. The land is to be re-sold to the colonists, as soon as they are able to pay for it, at the same price per acre which the army paid for the whole tract.

Booth-Tucker will shortly come to California for the express purpose of formally opening the new colony. Several others of the same sort are to be founded in the West, where farm land is cheap. The first one on the California plan will be started in Colorado, and everywhere men

will be driven back to Eden where it is possible. The land at Soledad is not very fertile. It is rather dry, but with plenty of water almost anything may be produced on it.

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

## Life Insurance—Facts for the People.

I AM in receipt of a number of letters regarding the discussion of the future of assessment companies and associations, including the Mutual Reserve of New York. Investigation discloses that the Mutual Reserve is pursuing the only sensible course open to all assessment companies, viz., that of increasing the assessments on its policy-holders so as to bring them up to a safe limit. This is in accordance with sound principles of business, and it is much wiser than the course pursued by the Massachusetts Benefit and the Bay State, both of which might possibly have been saved from ruin if they had increased their rates and held on to whatever business they could have retained with the increase.

All assessment companies will be obliged to increase what is called the "natural rate," as the natural risk increases. The Mutual Reserve proposes to increase from year to year this natural rate, as the age of the insured increases; or it offers the alternative of a rate based on the standard tables and the experiences of the past.

The action of the Mutual Reserve vindicates what I have recently said, and what was said in this column several years ago, when it was originally started, viz., that the rate of insurance offered by the assessment companies cannot be maintained at a low level as the age of the insured and the risk of death correspondingly increase. As long as new business pours in the low rate of insurance may be sufficient to meet death losses, but as the percentage of deaths rises from year to year, so do the losses increase in a corresponding ratio, and in time these losses will overtake and pass the aggregate income assured by new business. The Mutual Reserve has acted wisely in facing this situation boldly, and in meeting it in the only way that it could be met. I hope it has been met in time.

A correspondent at Baltimore asks what I think of the Knights of Honor. He asks me if it will be compelled to raise its premium rates. I answer that the Knights of Honor is one of the largest of the fraternal insurance orders. Its total income during 1896 was over \$4,349,000. Its disbursements were only \$87,807 less than its income. Its invested assets were a little over \$87,000, and its net assets, deducting liabilities, were about \$39,000. Two years ago this society, as I recall, was compelled to increase its assessments. It will be seen that it is running now "very close to the wind," as the expression is, and I am inclined to believe that the assessments must be increased if the interests of the organization are to be preserved. Other orders of its kind, including the Foresters, have increased their insurance rates, and I believe all the other friendly societies doing an insurance business will shortly have to face the real situation and levy heavier assessments.

A correspondent at Topeka, Kansas, asks if I have been informed that the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of this city, has been driven out of that State because it was afraid to undergo an examination. I reply that no such information has yet come to hand, nor has any such event happened. The Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, simply decided upon the termination of the year 1897 to withdraw from the State of Kansas. This withdrawal is voluntary, and that fact should not be misrepresented or misunderstood. The Mutual Life does not fear an examination of its affairs. In fact, such an examination has only recently been made, the company meeting the expense of the work, which was large. The Kansas superintendent of insurance proposed to make another examination and have the company foot the bill, and it simply refused to be imposed upon; and I do not blame it. Considering the fact that the Mutual Life is one of the greatest companies in the world, and that it has a total of admitted assets of nearly a quarter of a billion of dollars, I don't think that any one will be silly enough to believe that it ran away from the State of Kansas, or from the little man who occupies the big office of insurance superintendent of that State.

A member of the Jewelers' and Tradesmen's Company, of New York, sends me a copy of its annual report, and asks the "Hermit's" opinion regarding it. An examination of the company's annual report for 1896 makes a showing not altogether encouraging. The company does a very small business, having a total income during 1896 of only about \$95,000. Its disbursements during the year were over \$83,000, and its total invested assets were \$11,538. I infer from the report that over \$40,000 was due from members when the report was made, and that resisted losses amount to \$26,500, while losses adjusted and not yet due were reported to aggregate \$10,000, so that the total contingent mortality liabilities were \$36,500. Three hundred and three policies, or certificates, were written during 1896, and two hundred and ninety-six ceased to be in force. This statement shows that the company is doing a very small business with a small capital, that its obligations are heavy, and that the policy-holders must share the risk which all small companies invite. My own decided preference would be for life insurance in one of the strong old-line companies.

A reader at Dallas, Texas, asks if I would recommend insurance in the Aetna Insurance Company, of Hartford, in preference to any other. I reply: By no means. The Aetna is a stock company, and anybody who wishes to know its early history has only to read the annual report of the insurance commissioner of Massachusetts for 1889. The Aetna, starting with a small capital, has continued to increase its stock until it now has a capital of \$1,750,000, on which its stockholders are annually paid the very liberal dividend of ten per cent. In addition to this handsome dividend the company during the past year spent nearly a million dollars for commissions, agency expenses, medical examinations, and other expenses, not including over \$200,000 paid for expenses in its accident branch. This million dollars represented not quite one-fifth of its entire premium receipts, and the policy-holders got what was left. I do not doubt the solvency of the Aetna Company, but I should by no means give it the preference over such companies as the Mutual Life, the New York Life, the Equitable, or several others that outclass it according to the showing of their annual statements.

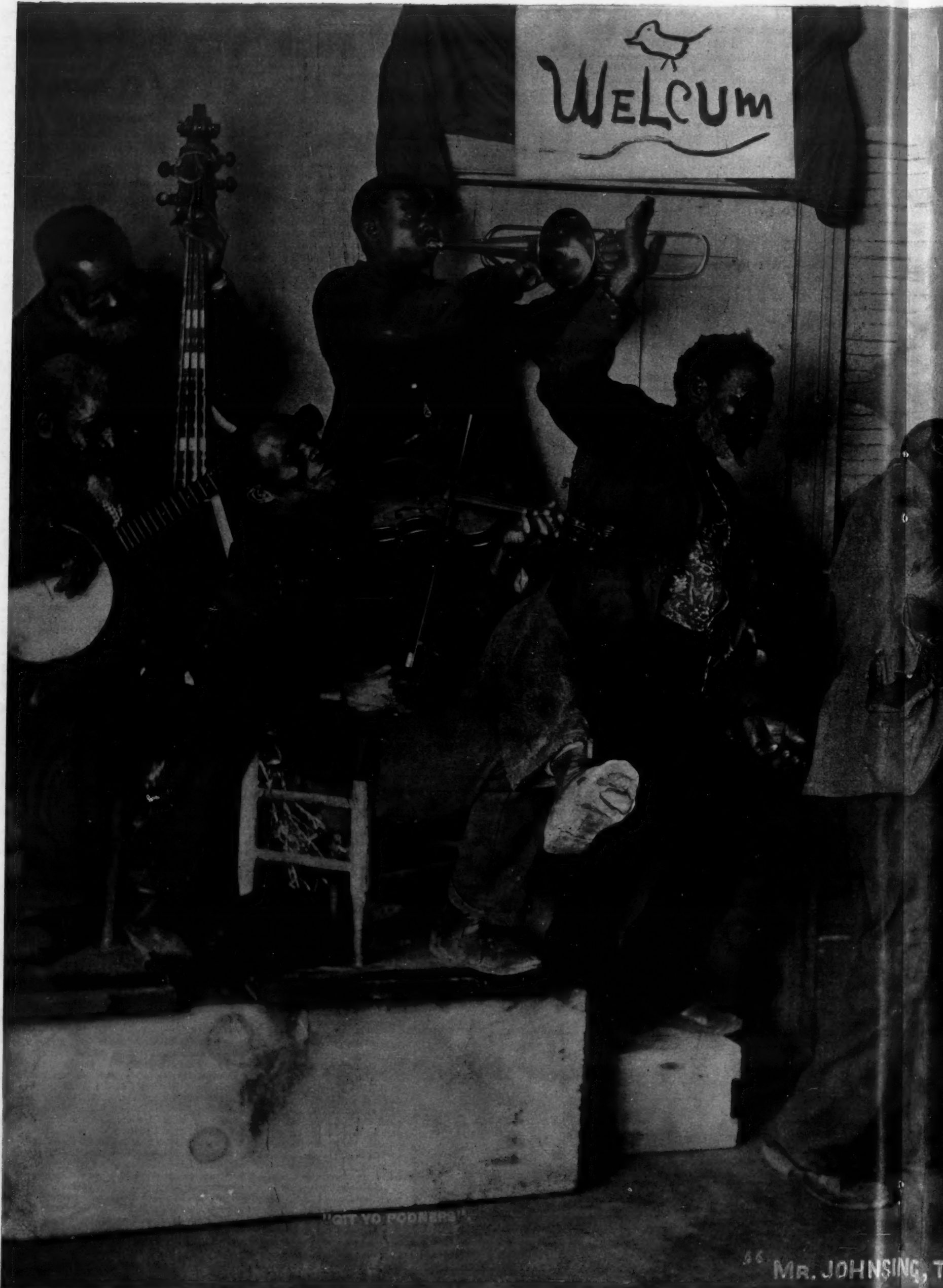
*The Hermit.*



HEAD WATERS OF THE DYER RIVER.

Copyright by Veanie Wilson.





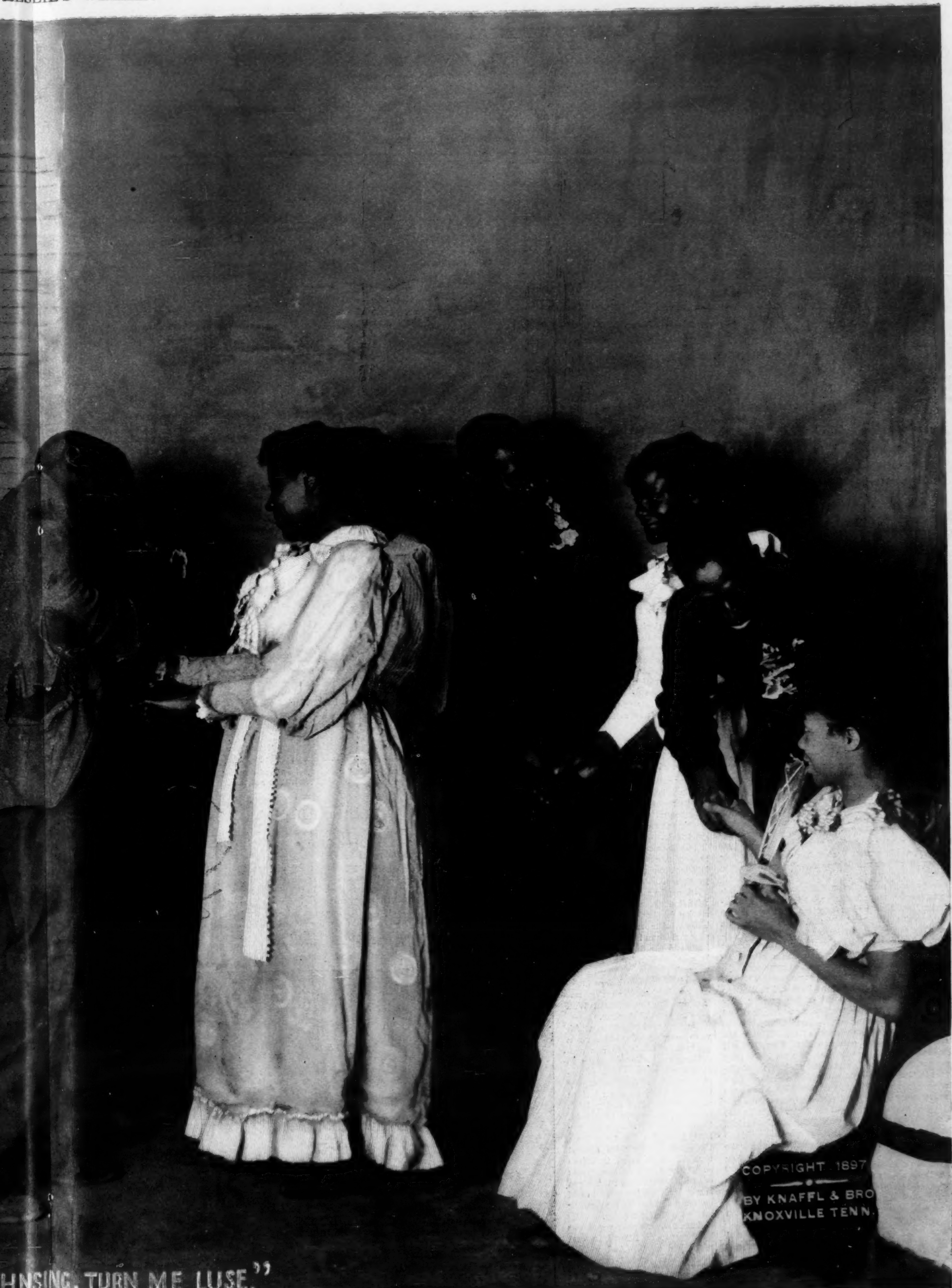
"GIT YO PODNERS!"

MR. JOHNSING, T

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THE BLACKVILLE GALLERY  
"THE BLACKVILLE COTILLON." - MR. JOHNSING





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JOHNSING, TURN ME LUSE."

THE GALLERY.—NO. III.

"MR. JOHNSING, TURN ME LUSE!"



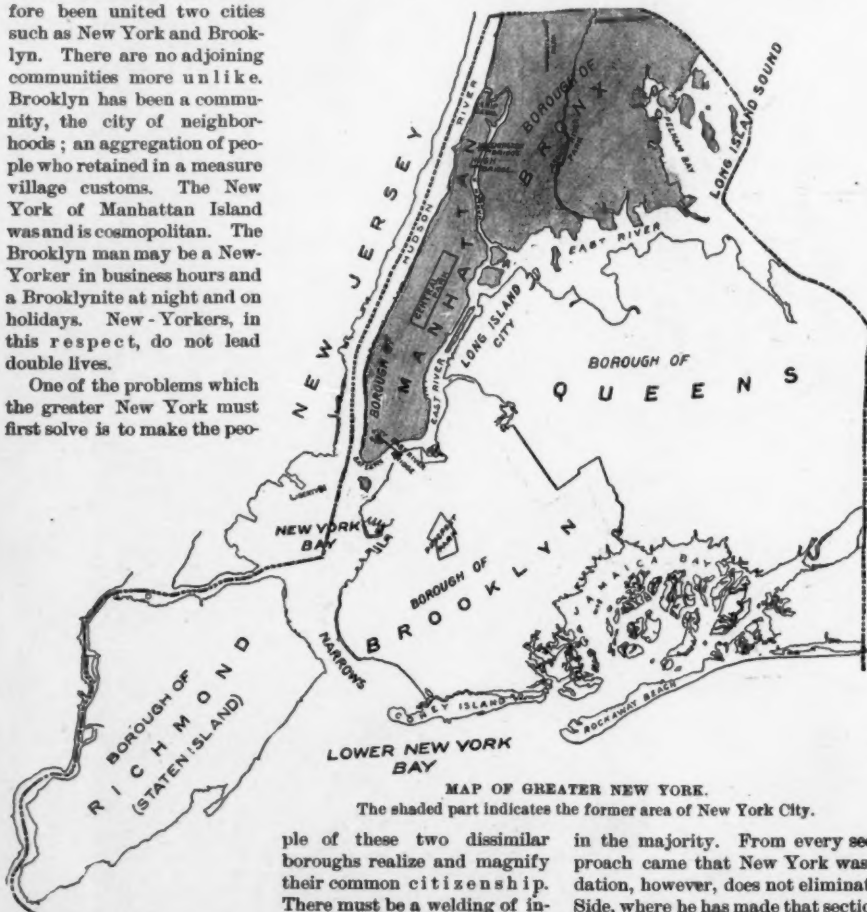
## Great Is Greater New York.

### STARTLING FACTS AND FIGURES.

GREATER NEW YORK is now a fact in law. When its first tax budget, amounting to about sixty-five millions of dollars, is collected the tax-payers will realize that it is a fact in figures also. Look at it in any way we may, the imperial city is the most complex and tremendous fact on the earth. New problems, some of them presented by new conditions, some by the weaving together of old and new, are to be worked out in this metropolis.

Not to speak at present of the other parts of the territory involved, there have never before been united two cities such as New York and Brooklyn. There are no adjoining communities more unlike. Brooklyn has been a community, the city of neighborhoods; an aggregation of people who retained in a measure village customs. The New York of Manhattan Island was and is cosmopolitan. The Brooklyn man may be a New Yorker in business hours and a Brooklynite at night and on holidays. New-Yorkers, in this respect, do not lead double lives.

One of the problems which the greater New York must first solve is to make the peo-



MAP OF GREATER NEW YORK.

The shaded part indicates the former area of New York City.

ple of these two dissimilar boroughs realize and magnify their common citizenship. There must be a welding of interests. This will take time.

But until it is accomplished Greater New York will continue to be a fact in law and finance only. The public has been inundated with statistics about the greater city. The people have learned that all history might be searched in vain to find another metropolis with such an extensive water front, consisting of river, bay, kill, sound, and ocean, adapted to all sorts of commerce, domestic and foreign. They need not be told that the city, with sagacity on the part of its rulers, cannot help becoming, during the next half-century, a commercial emporium for which a comparison cannot be found in the world's history.

The statistician has convinced us also that in manufacturing pursuits the city on Manhattan Island has long been the greatest in the United States. The greater New York, the same authority tells us, is to be by far the most important manufacturing city in the world. It is possible that at present the metropolis has not as much ready money in its vaults as London has. We may, however, safely assume that it is a matter of a few years only before New York will be surpassingly pre-eminent as a financial centre.

While the enthusiastic manipulator of figures has been dilating on the commercial, manufacturing, and financial prominence of Greater New York he has forgotten the singular fact that it is the greatest agricultural city under one government on the globe. The larger part of its territory is under cultivation to-day. Richmond and Queens counties are almost wholly farm lands, with more acreage than all the other boroughs put together. The agricultural and garden products of the city reach a total value as great as that of some granger States. During the next few years politicians at least will realize the importance of the agricultural element of the greater New York. The limits of the new city embrace one hundred and ninety-six thousand eight hundred acres. Territorially it is the largest of cities, and it is as large as some of the States in the Union. Of the commonwealths, only New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio exceed it in population. London is the only other metropolis with more inhabitants. Our friend, the statistician, says that in 1945 the two cities—London and New York—will have an equal number of residents. New York has more miles of paved streets, sewers, and street-railways than any other city. Its debt exceeds that of all the States in the Union.

New York is to be a city of bridges and tunnels. The various boroughs must be connected in order that the convenience of the people may be served and that the communal feeling may be developed. One new bridge over the East River is being constructed; two others are projected. A magnificent bridge over the Harlem River is nearly finished, and contracts have been made for the erection of two others. Staten Island may be connected, by a tunnel under the Kill von Kull, and thus, by railway and ferries or by a tunnel under the Hudson, with Manhattan Island.

The Public Library in Bryant Park, the zoological and botanical gardens, the additions to the museums of art and history, and the public baths which are under way, are merely the beginning of colossal undertakings in this and other directions for the comfort, convenience, and instruction of its citizens. Parks and recreation piers are to be increased in number, and magnificent drives are planned. The ocean beach of the

new city will afford opportunity for the laying out of waterfront parks which in accessibility, healthfulness, and popularity will not be equaled in the wide world.

Including the underground rapid-transit road as planned, and not taking into account the cost of its probable extensions, the expenditure for the great public improvements along the lines indicated will be nearly two hundred millions of dollars. This sum does not include the cost of the ordinary city's work, such as street extension, paving, and the like.

Every nine minutes an infant is born in Greater New York, and every ten and a half minutes some soul quits its body.

There are eighteen thousand families whose average income is less than seventy-five cents per day, and three hundred persons who possess a fortune of two million or more dollars each. The assessed value of the real estate is \$2,367,659,607, and the value of the personal property is \$404,201,063. Think of these figures!

This article might continue to repeat figures, dazzling and depressing, munificent and miserable, striking and stupendous. There are heights and depths in statistics as in everything else. Poverty, as well as property, can be computed. Suffering and joy can be averaged. Perhaps sufficient figures have been cited for one time. New York is vast in population as well as in mathematics. The consolidation brings into it a large element of American-born citizens, and hereafter, for a generation at least, the probability is that a majority of the residents of the city will be natives of the United States. Heretofore foreigners have been numerically

in the majority. From every section of the country the reproach came that New York was a foreign city. The consolidation, however, does not eliminate the foreigner from the East Side, where he has made that section un-American in population, language, and customs. The assimilation of this element and the amelioration of its condition, through association, education, increase of intelligence, and improvement of its habits, constitute one of the most puzzling of the problems that confront the new metropolis.

HENRY McMILLEN.

## Sunset on the Brooklyn Bridge.

### A STRIKING WORD PICTURE.

MEN called it the sun for want of a better name. All day it had been lavishing its kindly rays upon the great city, cheering the hearts of women and little children. And now it was setting behind the Statue of Liberty, its feeble imitator. The western sky was filled with sombre clouds. There were pearl-gray tints, deep violets, and purples in profusion. It seemed as if the sky was draping itself in mourning because the sun was resting his ruddy chin on the edge of New Jersey, and taking a last look for the day at the magnificence and squalor of the great city.

Slowly he sank from view, tingeing the edge of a white cloud with fire. Then, as if smitten with remorse at his enforced desertion, he shot up a prodigal wealth of color upon the heavens. The aerial mountain ranges took on crimson hues, as if some supernatural Titan blacksmith was blowing his furnace to Vesuvius heat, and the deep cloud-valleys blushed with a roseate glow.

It was such a fine, exquisite warmth of color as is seen in a crematory furnace before incineration begins. The sky was blushing for the follies of Wall Street and Fifth Avenue.

Farther up toward the zenith were splashes of crimson on a vagrant cloud. The sun was making an ineffectual effort to fight the shadows of his adversary, night. A massive, vapory cliff was daubed for an instant with terra-cottas and yellows such as no palette ever held. Then came Twilight with her misty pigments. She toned down the glaring tints with neutral touches. With cruel insistence she threw a veil of sombreness over the heavens until there was left only a thin, irregular line of molten gold touching the remoter hills with ineffable glory.

This, too, was soon wiped out by the sponge of Twilight, and night had come. And with it came the moon, full-orbed, beneficent, with her benediction of silver. She touched the trembling waters rushing to the sea, and each tossing wave-crest

smiled. She silvered the clouds and quenched all the stars except those in the remote depths of infinity, which peeped out slyly as if afraid of being scolded by the queen of the heavens. Then there blossomed out upon the night the magical beauty of lights forged in the brain of a pallid workman—white lights flashing with the insistence of harnessed lightning.

The bridge had put on its necklace. Red lights hung from the rear of swiftly-moving trains—unwinking bull's-eyes looking into the night. Long processions of yellow lights in the perspective radiated like the spokes of a wheel. Armies with torches. Green and red waving lights perched at the ends of jutting piers. Window-lights in ferry-boats. Bouquets of lights in city squares. Colored magic-lanterns in the fairy palaces of Williamsburg. A faint glow on the far horizon, like the fading glory of a prairie on fire. Below, the black, swirling river, reflecting on its ebon surface shifting chunks of amethyst and crimson light.

ERNEST JARROLD.

## An Up-to-date Philanthropist.

THE scene depicted by Mr. de Lipman on the front page of this number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY has attracted the attention of thousands of New-Yorkers who have chanced, on Sunday evenings lately, to be passing the Worth monument, at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-fifth Street, in the heart of the metropolis. Those who have had the curiosity to stop and look into the crowd have been rewarded by seeing in action a philanthropist whose breezy and bustling method of work constitutes an interesting variation upon the ways of the average street evangelist or missionary of the slums.

Frederick Rotzler, city missionary, is a bluff, hearty sort of person who looks as though he would rather work, or even fight, than preach. Evidently his appearance does not belie his character. He has started in to hold up the well-dressed throngs of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and beg from them the price of a decent bed (fifteen cents) for each of the fifty or sixty homeless vagrants that he always has lined up and waiting there. And his scheme has met with more than a little practical success. There are usually more tramps than the passing contributors can be induced to pay for; but sometimes as many as a hundred men (the most needy and apparently deserving have first chance) are provided with a decent night's lodging. If they had attempted to beg it on their own hook they might have failed, or perhaps landed in the police-station. Mr. Rotzler says to the passers-by, in effect: "Here are these poor chaps without a place to lay their heads, this cold night. Can't you help us out? A quarter will fix two of 'em—for a number have a nickel or a dime of their own. Who'll give us a helping hand?" This is a strong, direct appeal to the average man or woman. Contributions come in rather briskly; and when they have ceased, the missionary marches his men off to a cheap but good lodging-house in East Twenty-third Street, and pays for their beds himself.

Just how far this sort of thing may go, or how much permanent good it may accomplish, it would be idle to speculate. Presumably, Mr. Frederick Rotzler does not worry his head about that—and there is no reason why he should. The regular charity organizations have salaried officers who do all the thinking that is required, and oftentimes their deliberations fail to keep pace with the necessities of the poor outcasts who are supposed to be among the beneficiaries of the charitable funds. Then the direct methods come into play. There is no red tape about the city missionary. He is like Jim Bludso, who—

"Seen his duty, a dead sure thing,  
And did it—thar and then."

## Intercollegiate Chess.

THE photograph here reproduced shows the outward aspect of affairs at an interesting moment during the third round of the intercollegiate chess tournament in New York City. The contest has engaged the crack players of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia, the arena of their struggle being the Columbia Grammar School. In the picture we see Southard, the Harvard champion, on the right, pitted against Seward, of Columbia, on the left. The principals are wrapt in a Yogi-like intensity of thought; the score-keeper holds an attitude of pleased expectancy; while the privileged spectators stand about with facial expressions suggestive of the inscrutability that reigns at a high-limit game of poker.



INTERCOLLEGIATE CHESS MATCH.

Photograph by Hare.



## Julie Opp.

THE ROMANCE OF A NEW YORK GIRL'S CAREER.

Two years ago last October Kate Jordan contributed to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* a delightful account of an interview with the late George Du Maurier, then in the height of his vogue as the author of the all-conquering "Trilby." The following passage occurs in Miss Jordan's article: "I have always adored people of Homeric proportions, and as the artist-author spoke his gaze lingered on a charming American who stood almost five feet ten in her pretty silk hose. 'If she were on the stage,' he said, ruminatively, 'she would look the part of Trilby finely.'" This charming American girl was none other than Miss Julie Opp, who at the time she attracted Du Maurier's admiring attention had no idea of going on the stage. In fact, when it was proposed in earnest that she should essay the rôle of *Trilby*, Miss Opp herself agreed with some of her most intimate friends who thought it inadvisable for her to take the chances of a dramatic debut. Either she changed her mind very soon afterward or, as is more probable, had in her heart a conviction which superficial persuasions could not reach.

One of New York's dramatic critics has said: "Julie Opp is a remarkable girl in a nation of remarkable women." Her artistic success in New York has made her the talk of the town, and much interest is felt concerning her experiences abroad on the stage. Miss Opp has not been interviewed for the press since her return here, but my acquaintance with her before she entered upon her dramatic career enables me to recall a few of the incidents which led to her adopting the stage as a profession. Julie Opp is a woman whose children might be proud to say that their genealogical tree began with their mother. An only child, reared in comfort, Miss Opp, for reasons of her own, decided on a self-supporting career shortly after leaving the convent school where she was carefully educated.

During her school-days she had longed to be an actress; but she had abandoned this idea before I met her, and used to speak of it as "a school-girl's stage-struck period." She first tried her hand at newspaper and literary work, and achieved a fair amount of success. Her great gift, however, lay in another direction. Daniel Frohman discovered what this gift was in his first meeting with her. Despite the fact that she was practically a working woman, Miss Opp, owing to her beauty, her distinction of personality and manner, and her bright mind, became a favorite with a number of leading New York hostesses, who entertain interesting people at their homes. It was while a guest at a very delightful dinner-party that Miss Opp met Mr. Frohman, and was urged by him to try a dramatic career.

"You have presence, voice, magnetism, brain," he said. "All these are needed to make a good actress." From that hour, not quite two years ago, the story reads like a fairy tale. Miss Opp went into training under Mr. Frohman's directions. Unwilling, however, to make even her first small stage venture in New York before doubting friends, she borrowed money and went abroad a year ago last August. In London her beauty and charm of manner made her introduction easy as a member of George Alexander's company, working hard meanwhile as Julia Neilson's understudy. One night the star was ill. Miss Opp played *Rosalind*, and captured all London—people and press critics. Then Mr. Frohman went over and saw her play the leading rôle in "The Princess and the Butterfly," and at once made arrangements to have her open his Lyceum Theatre in New York this season with the same play.

It was a great undertaking for this young woman, not yet two years in the profession, and her best friends trembled for her. But she achieved an instantaneous success. Even the pessimists among the critics awarded her high praise, and the people flocked to the Lyceum until the "standing-room-only" sign became a nightly fixture at the door.

When I first met Miss Opp her great charm to me was her enthusiastic praise of other girls and her absolute freedom from jealousies or selfishness in her association with them. To day the same characteristics mark her as an actress. She is more ready to talk of the achievements of others than of her own, delighted as she is with her success.

The cast of Miss Opp's hand, shown in the accompanying photograph, was submitted to Charles Todd Parks, the expert palmist and physiognomist, for a reading of its character indications. After examining it for a few moments Mr. Parks said:

"I have read this hand before. It was at an afternoon tea, in the studio of Miss Culbertson, some eighteen months ago. Miss Opp was a stranger to me. What I said then I can tell you now. This is the purest type of the artistic hand. It reveals an extremely emotional, impressionable, and responsive temperament; one that is exceedingly warm-hearted, generous, and impulsive in every thought and action. The characteristics of the mentality line, and its direction across the palm, signify a sensitive, high-strung, intellectual nature; practical, and alertly alive to what is justly her due. An excellent judge of human nature, intuitive, and with broad sympathies, she can easily adapt herself to new people and environment.

"The pointed shape and relative length of the little finger denote tact, fluency of expression, and unusual capacity for influencing others. Ambition for wealth and fame through artistic channels is shown in a marked degree by the shape of the



JULIE OPP'S HAND—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A CAST.

third finger. Its spatulate tip discloses a love for emotional expression, breadth, and color, such as appeal to the feelings of an audience.

"The symmetrical ensemble of palm and fingers bespeaks a harmonious organization, capable of repose, natural grace, and spontaneity. The long, well-formed, spreading thumb means a strong will and self-reliance.

"The dramatic possibilities of this gifted temperament are very great. There is pre-eminent talent for the stage, and a warm, magnetic personality. The lines of success in the palm point to celebrity; and we may expect to see this young lady reach the top-most round in the ladder of popularity and fame."

M. E. B. CULBERTSON.

## New Year, 1898.

I HAVE not caught a glimpse of your face,  
Nor a word from your lips, New Year;  
Yet I open my door with a friendly grace,  
And I bid you sweet welcome here.  
Come in,  
While the peals of the greeting bells begin:  
I have said good-bye to the vanished year,  
To much that I loved and knew,  
With tender dreaming and sigh and tear—  
I have only warm smiles for you.  
And hope  
That casts for us both its horoscope!  
You are shy and strange as a timid guest.  
Draw near to my fireside, friend,  
And loose your sandals and sit and rest;  
For here, at your journey's end,  
My heart  
Has set the gates of its love apart.  
What are the unknown gifts you bring?  
A newer light on the way,  
A truer and sweeter song to sing  
And a braver word to say?  
Ah, well!  
Time alone can the message tell.  
I will not question. The door stands wide.  
Pilgrim of God, be thou  
Swift to enter and fain to bide.  
And the bells are silent now.  
And prayer  
Floats far and wide on the still, sweet air.  
MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

## Our Financial Column— The Dangers of 1898.

IN the last issue I spoke of the reasons why we might expect a prosperous year in 1898. There are some reasons which might militate against prosperity. First of all comes the danger from foreign complications. Great apprehension has existed in regard to this matter in financial circles during the past year, and these apprehensions have not entirely disappeared. At present the outlook is more favorable to a foreign war than to one in which we may be engaged. War either here or abroad would no doubt lead to a rise in the rate of interest. Money would be higher, and this might depress values in the stock market, though we have seen a bull market more than once when the rate of money was high.

A foreign war would send back to us some of our securities held abroad, but it is the general impression that foreign holdings of American securities are smaller than usual at present, outside of certain gilt-edged stocks and bonds which have for many years been held abroad as permanent investments. American speculators and investors have absorbed much of the holdings that foreigners have dumped upon us since the panic of '93, and every attempt the bears make to depress prices is followed by a quick reaction. This indicates that there is more money on the bull than on the bear side at present.

Furthermore, it must not be overlooked that the savings banks, and especially the largest institutions in New York City, have recently reduced the rate of interest from four to three and a half per cent.; that government bonds at present prices, and State and municipal issues of the best kind, are netting only from two and three-quarters to three per cent. This shows that there is plenty of money seeking investment, and it predicates a decided advance in gilt-edged stocks and bonds of all kinds. When these go up beyond the reach of the speculator he will naturally turn to the cheaper stocks, which are always sympathetically affected by a decided rise in the dividend-payers.

Some one asks what I would buy at such a time. I think my preference, if I were a speculator, would be for those roads that

expect to materially profit by the Klondike rush of the coming spring and summer months. The Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Canadian Pacific, and, no doubt, the Southern Pacific, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, will all profit largely by the traffic to Alaska, and incidentally their connecting lines and branches will be benefited.

A man with plenty of money who buys any of the gilt-edged stocks and bonds and holds them will have a profit before midsummer, and perhaps a larger profit before the close of the year. St. Paul preferred, Northwest, Lake Shore, New York Central, the Vanderbilts generally, and the best industrials that are safely on a dividend-paying basis, Western Union, American Cable, Metropolitan Street Railway of New York, and the Elevated Railway all promise to hold their own.

Gas stocks and street-railways have been the favorites during the past year, but they seem to have reached pretty nearly their culminating point. The organization of the greater New York no doubt means the consolidation of street-car interests in this city, and no consolidation will be complete and effectual that does not take cognizance of that great system across the East River known as the Brooklyn Rapid Transit route. The moment this system is included in the combination it will be much nearer a dividend-paying basis. For a cheap stock it offers, therefore, considerable attraction to speculators and investors.

Street-car lines and gas companies in the great cities are all especially attractive, because with the return of good times their earnings will show a decided increase, and the basis of value should be the earning capacity of a property. If a man has money with which to make purchases he will find a profit in almost anything on the list that he may be able to buy, pay for, put away, and hold. The market is bound to have its ups and downs, but this is a year when a man should hold for a profit, without regard to temporary set-backs.

A large line of stocks I happen to know has been absorbed by investors on Wall Street who believe that we are on the eve of a bull market. Of course there is uncertainty as to the future, because nothing in life is said to be certain excepting death and taxes, but skillful calculators and experienced operators are convinced that we are on the eve of better things. JASPER.

## The Greatest Co-operative System.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, January 2d, 1898.

"BRING me," said the gentleman with the Clan-na-Gael countenance, as he pointed to the lobster in the show-window, "bring me wan av thim informers."

"Why do you call them informers, Casey?" asked his companion. "Bedad, they wear th' green, to begin wid, and put on the red coat as soon as they get into hot water flavored with Liebig Company's Extract of Beef."

Casey had a fair inkling of that which animates our appetite. Had he stopped to inquire, he might have learned that the essence of so much healthy meat not only contains strength, aroma, and all the nourishing qualities, including proportionate flavors to animate our epicurean susceptibilities, but on the very face it also carries indisputable evidence of nutrition, and superiority over almost every other dietary commodity on account of many advantages, not the least of which is its portability.

In the ever-increasing nervous bustle of our daily life we go to market for our immediate supplies only to find ourselves at the mercy of professional competition in trade which rarely stops at morals, and for the most part is actuated by the current dictum "to make money, honestly if you can, but to make money." The inanimate piece of beef at the butcher's stall may, and again may not, be fresh. At best it is seldom young, and rarely selected.

To continue this retrospect would lead to the enumeration of an endless chain of disadvantages, any of which is sufficient to explain our helplessness individually; but a wise Providence has in this, as on so many similar occasions, come to the assistance of humanity. Thus, at a time when the famishing poor of overgrown London were refreshing their emaciated bodies with a penny cup of poisonous tea, that sage and philanthropist, Justus von Liebig, invented an extract of beef, and immediately changed the dietary condition of millions throughout the civilized world. Unabated study, together with ceaseless energy in the same direction, secured the co-operation of large capital, and in a little over a quarter of a century a great firm, with millions of sterling, has succeeded in carrying the now well-known and meritorious product of the Liebig Company's Extract of Beef to every civilized hamlet on the commercial map of the world.

After all, there is no secret in all this. The single butcher with his petty stall, or even his more pretentious competitor with a larger supply, can never afford to offer inducements at all comparable to such an affluent enterprise as the Liebig Company's resources. Granted the enterprise is carried on for the benefit of its stockholders, still it must be clear to every thinking mind that this very company maintains a system of co-operative benefits to which intelligent millions all over the world are invited without the necessity of investing, and each may benefit his or her condition by buying the purest, healthiest, and largest quantity of this strength-producing Extract of Beef at the least possible price. C. FRANK DEWEY.

## Good News for Asthmatics.

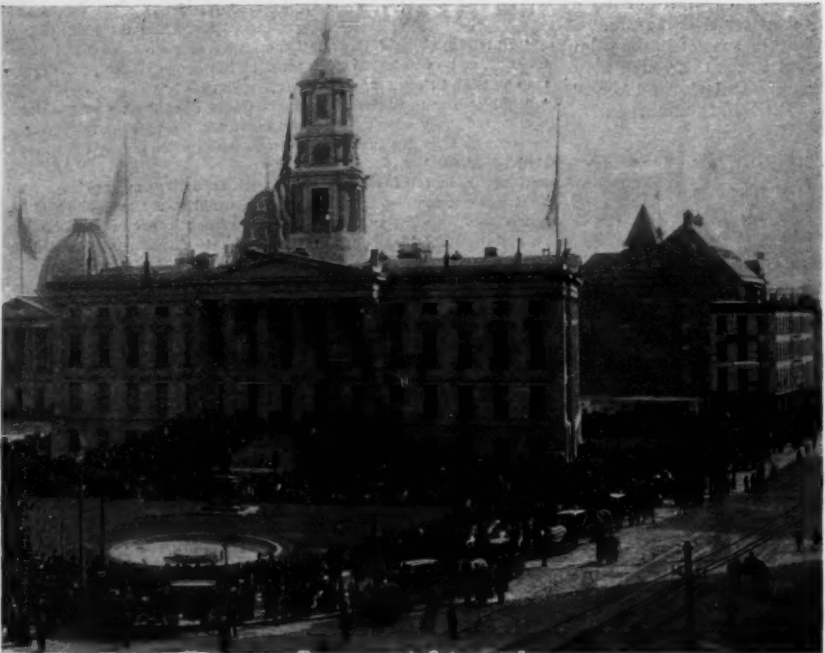
WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free, by mail, to sufferers. \*

The luxury of  
a breakfast is in its  
**Nice Hot Biscuit**  
rolls and muffins.  
Royal Baking Powder  
makes them light,  
sweet and delicious.

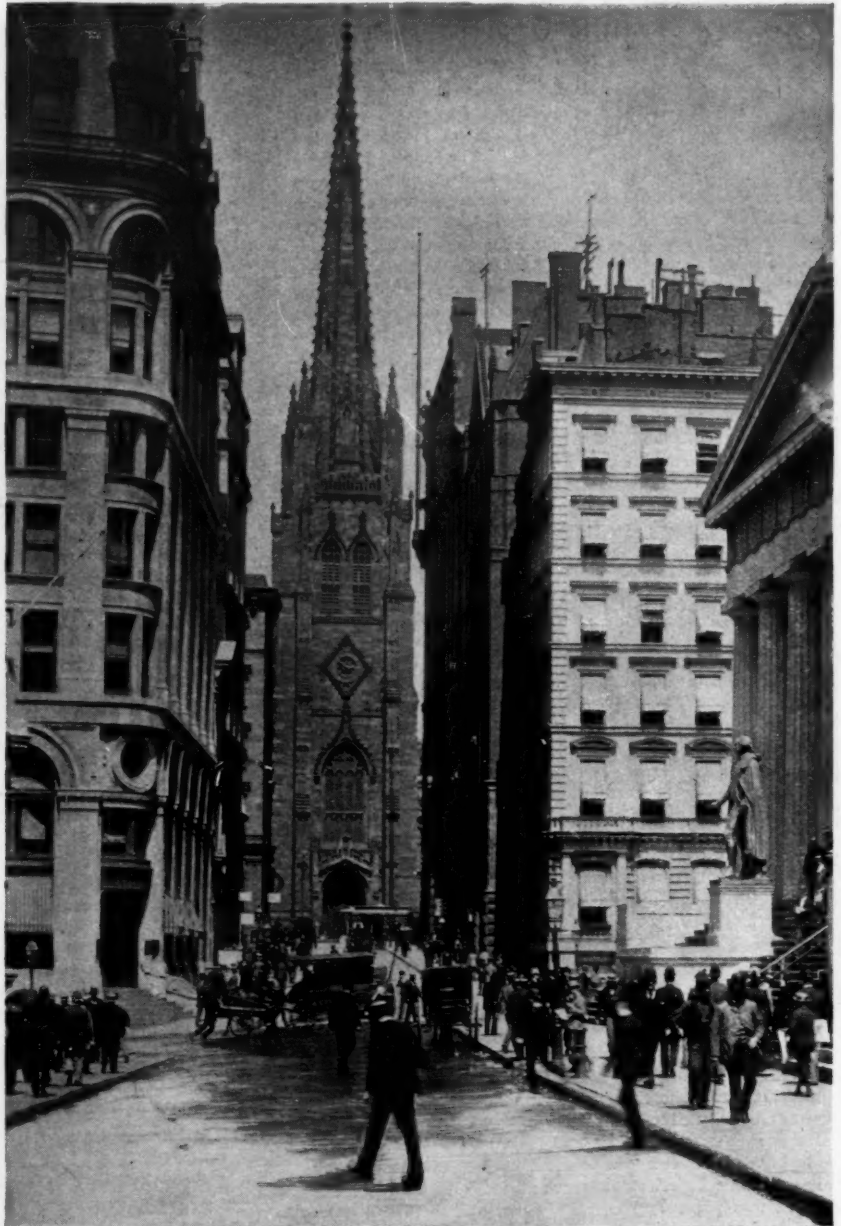




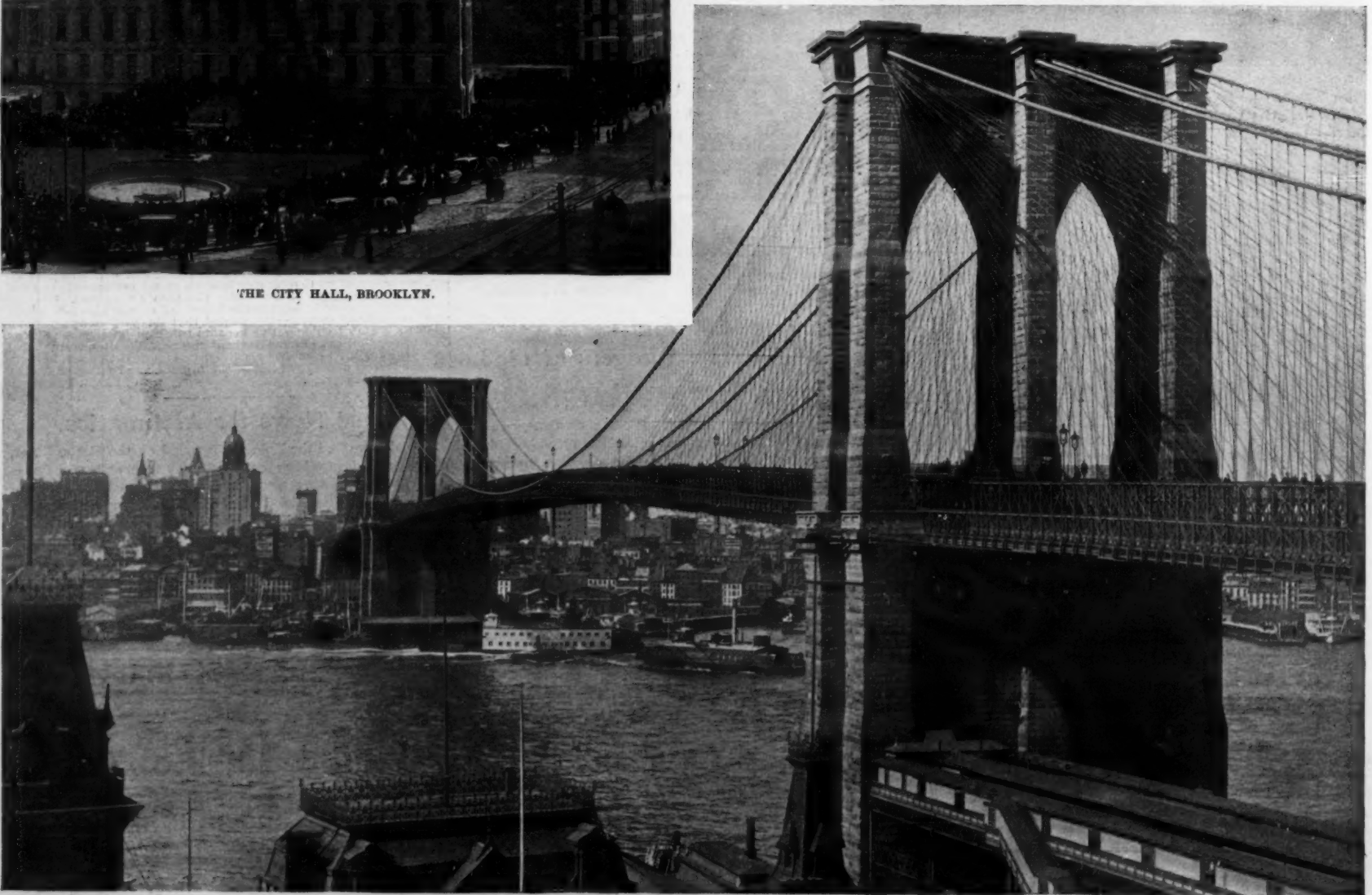
MADISON SQUARE, INTERSECTION OF FIFTH AVENUE AND BROADWAY—GENERAL WORTH'S MONUMENT IN CENTRE.  
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THE CITY HALL, BROOKLYN.



WALL STREET—TRINITY CHURCH IN BACKGROUND.  
Copyrighted by J. S. Johnston, New York.



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, UNITING THE BOROUGHS OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

THE GREATER NEW YORK.—BORN, JANUARY 1st, 1898.

[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 26.]





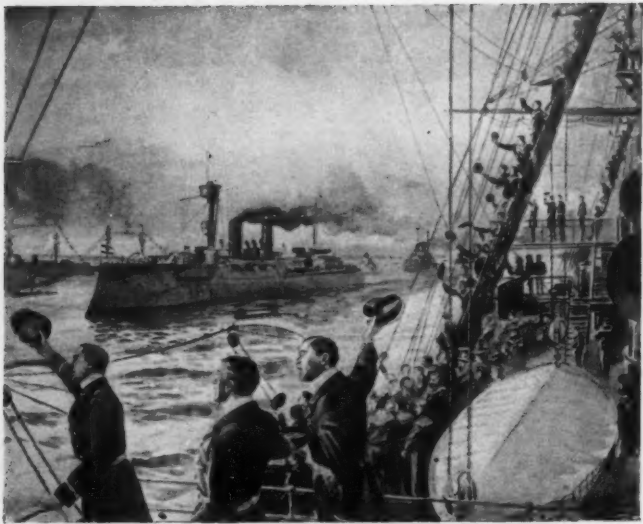
LOOKING UP FIFTH AVENUE, CENTRAL PARK IN THE BACKGROUND.



A VIEW OF BROADWAY FROM PRINCE STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

THE GREATER NEW YORK.—BORN, JANUARY 1st, 1898.  
[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 26.]





FOR CHINA SEAS—ASSEMBLING OF THE CHINESE SQUADRON OF THE GERMAN FLEET, AT KIEL.—*Black and White.*



THE FAT PORK OF OLD ENGLAND—CENTENARY OF THE FAMOUS SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, HELD IN THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—*London Graphic.*



REOPENING THE TRADE ROUTES OF THE SOUDAN—SPARKES BEY, THE COMMANDANT OF SUAKIN, THE FIRST EUROPEAN TO CROSS THE DESERT TO BERBER SINCE 1883.—*London Graphic.*



RAILWAY-BUILDING IN BRITISH WEST AFRICA.—*London Graphic.*

The local governments of the British colonies of Sierra Leone and Lagos are rapidly pushing improvements in the interior, and in the former district have already thirty miles of railway approaching completion.



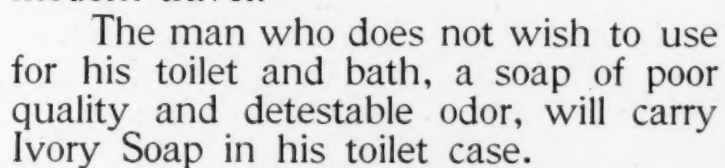
FUNERAL OF VICTIMS OF THE MARGATE SURF-BOAT DISASTER.—*London Graphic.*



CAPSIZING OF THE MARGATE SURF-BOAT, "FRIEND OF ALL NATIONS," IN A GALE ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—OF THE LIFE-SAVING CREW OF THIRTEEN, NINE WERE DROWNED.—*Illustrated London News.*

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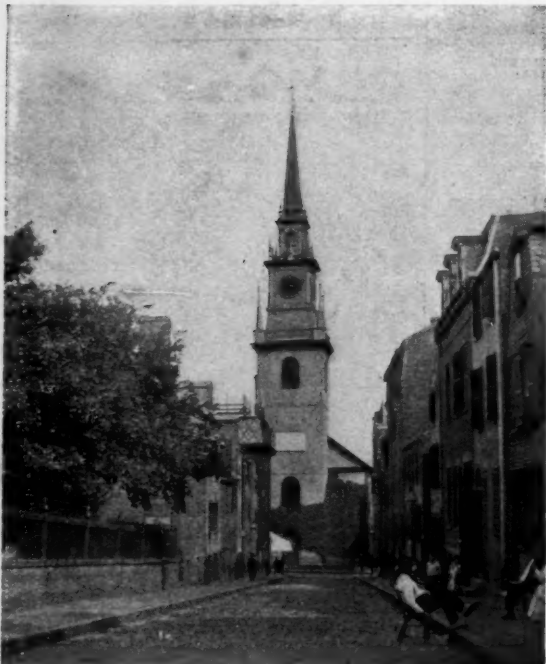
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

ALL  
DRUGGISTS.





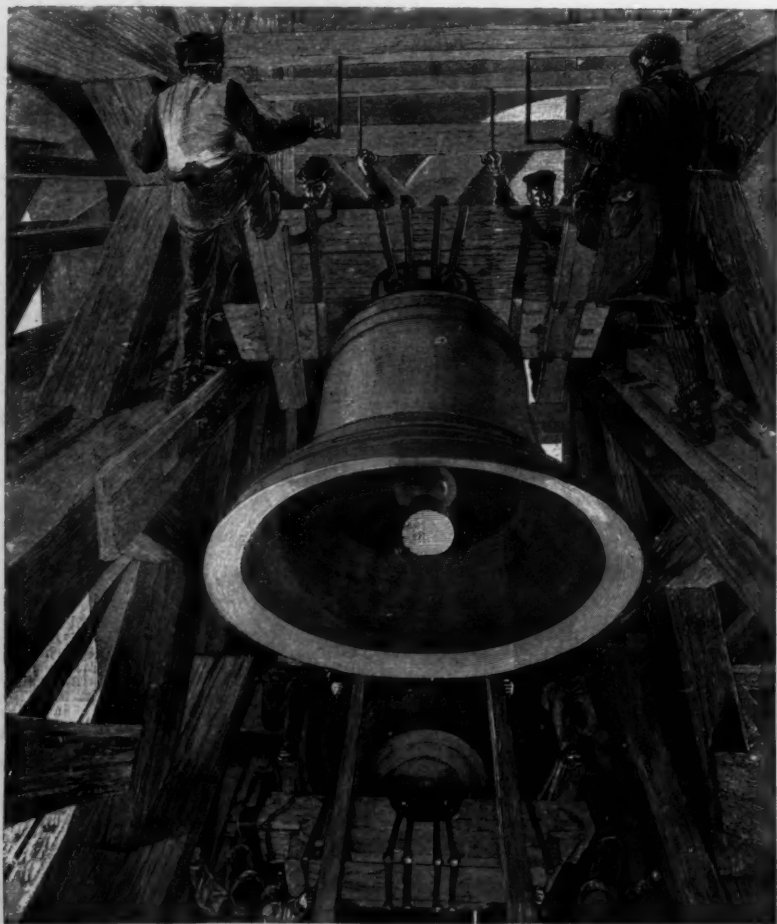
A VIEW OF OXFORD, SHOWING THE FAMOUS "OLD TOM" TOWER.



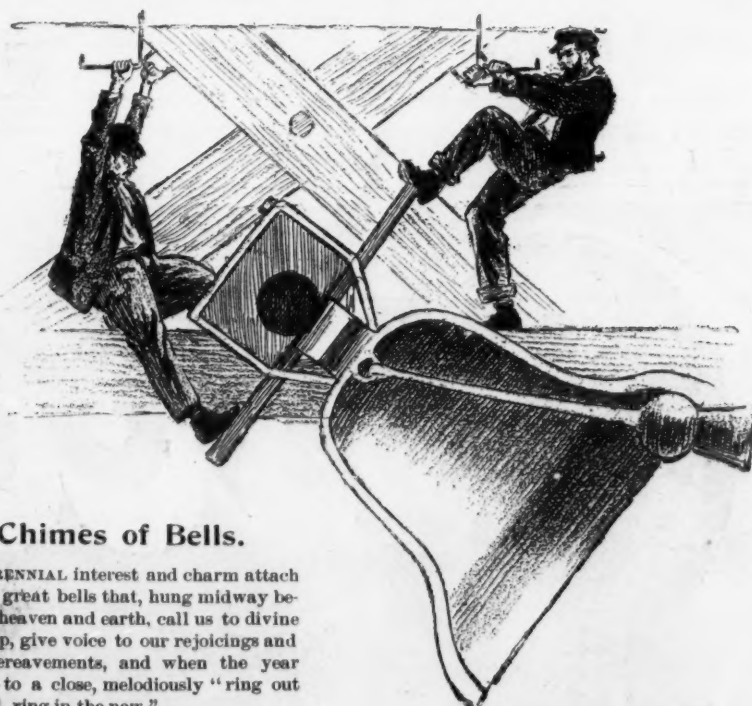
THE OLD NORTH CHURCH, BOSTON, WITH ITS HISTORIC CHIME.



TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK—FAMOUS FOR THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S MUSIC OF ITS BELLS.



RINGING THE CHIMES OF ST. SULPICE, PARIS.



THE BELL-RINGERS OF PARIS.

### Chimes of Bells.

PERENNIAL interest and charm attach to the great bells that, hung midway between heaven and earth, call us to divine worship, give voice to our rejoicings and our bereavements, and when the year draws to a close, melodiously "ring out the old, ring in the new."

The group of pictures here presented shows some of the world's famous chimes—or, rather, the towers in which they are hung. Oxford's "Old Tom," St. Sulpice of Paris, the Kremlin of Moscow, Westminster and St. Paul's of London, are scarcely less familiar to us, either from reading or from foreign visits, than are the dear Old North of Boston and Trinity of New York.

Old North's bells were hung in 1744. They are associated with the name of Paul Revere. They pealed a welcome to Lafayette when the great Frenchman visited America in 1824. Now they peal again, and their message is fraught with sacred, patriotic meaning for the eager, listening crowd that fills the streets below.

SOME HISTORIC CHIMES AND BELL-TOWERS.



1

50 Gold Medals Awarded for Excellency. As supplied to her Majesty the Queen, and the Royal Family

THE RUMBLE OF THE  
EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS  
IS HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

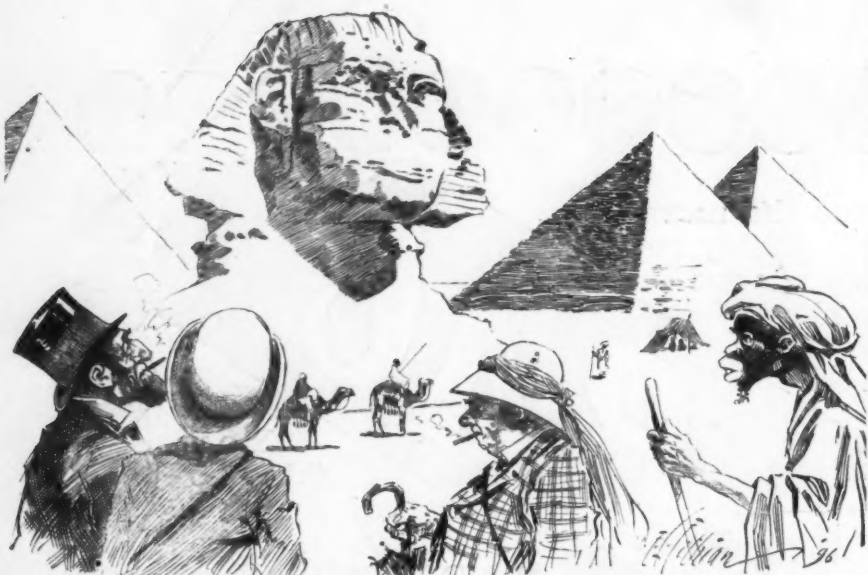
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FASTEST  
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TRAIN  
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THE  
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MR. HACKS (from the States)—"By gum! what er fine lot o' buildin'-stone goin' plum ter waste!"

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from which patrons can derive  
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orders for  
Capes, Collarettes, Boas,  
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### Excursion.

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GOLD MINING AND DEVELOP-  
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## "MORGAN CITY,"

announces that she will sail from New York for  
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visioned, probably not later than January 15th.  
She will land passengers for the Yukon Gold Fields  
at Dyea or Skagway early in March, at the right  
time for most easily crossing either the Chilkoot or  
the White Pass route.

Passengers by this vessel can reach Klondike  
early in May.

The "Morgan City" will run between Seattle  
and Dyea until the end of May; thereafter between  
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with our river steamboats, the fastest and the most  
comfortable on the Yukon.

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for many years a leading steamboat owner and  
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but immediate application must be made by any  
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will give advice as to best outfit and equipment.



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Highest-Grade Pianos.

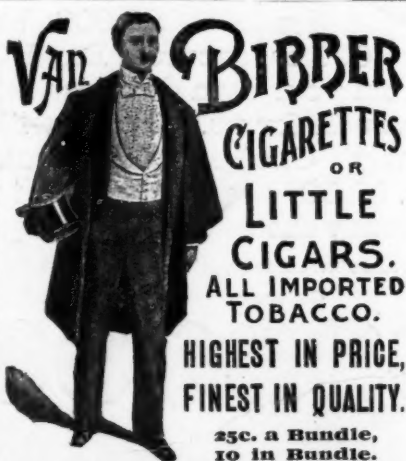
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not  
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with  
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap  
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